

THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CXXCI

CONTENTS

I. The Awakening of Asia. <i>By H. M. Hyndman</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	515
II. Waterways and Airways. <i>By a Naval Correspondent</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	525
III. Demi-Royal. Chapter XVIII. Georgy Scores. <i>By Ashton Hilliers.</i> (To be continued)		531
IV. Sunk	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	536
V. War and Pain. <i>By May Bateman</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	542
VI. The Rehabilitation of Private Hagan. <i>By "Major, R.A.M.C."</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	548
VII. The Greek Entanglements	NEW STATESMAN	555
VIII. The Day of the Chemist	SATURDAY REVIEW	557
IX. The Gregarious Habit. <i>By Horace Hutchinson</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE	560
X. What Shall Be Done for the War-Woman? <i>By Tighe Hopkins</i>	OUTLOOK	562
XI. The Verdict of America. <i>By the Earl of Cromer</i>	SPECTATOR	564
XII. "The English Incuria"	TIMES	569
XIII. Roosevelt's Relaxations	SATURDAY REVIEW	573
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XIV. A Sussex Idyll. <i>By Lilian Holmes</i>	NEW WITNESS	514
XV. The Little Ships	PUNCH	514
XVI. The Scribe. <i>By Waller de la Mare</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE	514
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		575



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A SUSSEX IDYLL.

Mile after mile of flat fields of red clover,
Loud with the music of honey-fed
bees;

Creeks, where the curlews and sand-
pipers hover,
And hay-laden barges drift in from
the seas;

Far as the eye can see, billowy stretches—
Marred by no fence, nor by hampering
hedge—

Misty with purples and mauves of the
vetches;
And near, in the ditches, the sighing
of sedge.

Boundless expanse, whence the sky-
lark is singing;
Marshes unending; but over the sea
No more do the fishing boats homeward
come, bringing
Their harvest to market—a fisher
to me.

Nets in the sunshine festooned are still
drying;
Beached are the boats, and their
sailors away—
Oh! Winds bear a kiss on the breath of
your sighing
To men who must fight, from the
women who pray.

Lilian Holmes.

The New Witness.

THE LITTLE SHIPS.

"The small steamer — struck a mine
yesterday and sank. The crew perished."
Daily Paper.

Who to the deep in ships go down
Great marvels do behold,
But comes the day when some must
drown

In the gray sea and cold.
For galleons lost great bells do toll,
But now must we implore
God's ear for sunken Little Ships
Who are not heard of more.

When ships of war put out to sea
They go with guns and mail,
That so the chance may equal be
Should foemen them assail;

But Little Ships men's errands run
And are not clad for strife;
God's mercy then on Little Ships
Who cannot fight for life.

To warm and cure, to clothe and feed
They stoutly put to sea,
And since that men of them had need
Made light of jeopardy;
Each in her hour her fate did meet
Nor flinched nor made outcry;
God's love be with these Little Ships
Who could not choose but die.

To friar and nun, and every one
Who lives to save and tend,
Sisters were these whose work is done
And cometh thus to end;
Full well they know what risk they ran
But still were strong to give;
God's grace for all the Little Ships
Who died that men might live.
Punch.

THE SCRIBE.

What lovely things
Thy hand hath made,
The smooth-plumed bird
In its emerald shade,
The seed of the grass,
The speck of stone
Which the wayfaring ant
Stirs, and hastes on!

Though I should sit
By some tarn in Thy hills,
Using its ink
As the spirit wills
To write of Earth's wonders,
Its live willed things,
Flit would the ages
On soundless wings
Ere unto Z
My pen drew nigh,
Leviathan told,
And the honey-fly:
And still would remain
My wit to try—
My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten—
Thou, Lord, and I.

Walter de la Mare.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE AWAKENING OF ASIA.

The change in the relations between Europe and Asia in the last thirty years has been so marked, and yet so rapid, that we scarcely understand the effect which has been produced already and will be still more noticeable in the near future. One result of this terrific war, ending, as it must, in the serious weakening of all the European Powers which have possessions in the Eastern Continent, will be to increase the relative power of Asia and to secure for her, at an earlier date, that greater influence in world policy which she would have obtained later in any event.

We are slowly returning, it would seem, to something near the estimate of Asiatic importance which was formed by the old voyagers and ambassadors. After 400 years of successful commerce, piracy, and conquest, from the date of the foundation of the short-lived Portuguese Empire of Goa, in 1508, the tide is now turning in favor of the older civilizations. China, Japan, and India, with a population nearly double that of all Europe, including Russia, can no longer be regarded as the happy hunting ground for adventurous individuals or grasping nations of the white race. This possibility has long presented itself to the more farsighted politicians. In the early 'fifties Mr. W. H. Seward, whose statesman-like management of the Trent affair averted war between England and America ten years later, directed the attention of his countrymen to China as the Empire which would play a decisive part in the destinies of the human race. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 Sir Henry Maine conjured up a vision of 40,000,000 Chinese, raised, trained, and armed on the Prussian model, inviting the Western barbarism to try conclusions with

them in an Armageddon of the East. Mr. John Delane also, as my friend Mr. Louis Jennings told me, frequently spoke of all European rivalries and struggles as trifling compared with the antagonism which might easily arise between Europe and the Eastern populations.

But this was far from being the common view. Even now most European nations think and act as if our Western superiority could be maintained permanently, in spite of all recent developments on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It is interesting to compare this arrogance with the attitude of the English, the French, the Dutch, and Portuguese three centuries ago, and, even far more recently, towards the Indian and Chinese rulers of their day. Though Sir Thomas Roe was the accredited Ambassador of the King of England and upheld his dignity, as a genial pirate and pioneer of trade, with a firmness, intelligence, and courage which command all respect, it is quite clear that, while despising the methods of the Emperor Jehangir's Ministers and favorites, he felt himself the representative of a small and poverty-stricken folk when in the presence of that monarch. For many a long day our traders pleaded very humbly with Indian potentates of high and low degree to be granted facilities for making wealth out of their subjects, though English, Dutch, Portuguese, and French never hesitated to use violence when they thought it safe and profitable to do so.

When, also, the French and English were struggling for predominance in Hindostan, Warren Hastings and Clive on the one side, and Dupleix and Bussy on the other, never at any time assumed those airs of white superiority

over rulers of ancient race and ancient culture which far less capable men have since considered it quite natural to adopt. Possibly the remembrance of successive Asiatic invasions of the West and the belief in the inexhaustible wealth of India may have influenced their minds and generally softened their manners. Certainly, the present scarcely-veiled contempt and rudeness of our own contemporaries in India itself to Indians is the growth of little more than two generations. Earlier records bear witness to a much better tone than that which prevails today. Even during this great war, when Indians of high rank and long descent are fighting side by side with English officers, for the same cause, they have been treated with considerable rudeness. Color prejudice has become the rule, and is growing stronger as Englishmen reside less and less in India and more and more lose touch with Indians.

It was for a long period much the same with China. That great people, whose civilization and power pervaded the whole East for centuries and spread to Africa, to whom we are indebted (even more than we are to India) for the ideas, discoveries, and inventions which underlie our own material development and moral conceptions, were approached by Europeans, in the earlier stages of their intercourse, as a race in many respects more capable and more powerful than themselves. Though the Jesuits obtained for a time great influence over the Manchu Emperors of Peking, their teaching scarcely touched the surface of the huge Chinese population below. Their simple family life, their material religions, and their queer superstitions, their competitive bureaucratic system, and universal education went on as they had gone on for generations.

Not until we English discovered that the whole of these intelligent

400,000,000 of Chinamen were organized solely for industry and peace, possessing no armies in the least capable of resisting aggression, did we resort to the truculent brutality which so shamefully forced the sale of opium upon the country in the face of the protests of its Government; a policy fitly illustrated by the seizure of Hongkong and the sacking of the Winter Palace. Englishmen thought at the time that Gordon's uncalled-for interference in support of the Manchu Dynasty against the great rising of the Tae-Pings and the career of his Ever-Victorious Army would provide them with another India in the Flowery Land. Thereafter, for many years, the Chinese, who, by their honesty in trade, social courtesy, and general culture, had good grounds for regarding us as Western barbarians, were likewise considered an inferior people. Their bows and arrows and cutlasses and sailing-junks, being of no avail against rifles and heavy guns and ironclads, their whole standard of national development was estimated on the same scale.

Our missionaries' claims for the infinite superiority of their Asiatic religion, which made no impression upon the Chinese at all in proportion to their own efforts or to the risks which this country had to run on their behalf to protect them, afforded further evidence of European arrogance. They did not disguise their low opinion of the Chinese cults, nor did they, like the Catholics, adapt themselves in dress and daily life to the customs of the people. Even the late Lord Salisbury, a devotee of Christianity, complained of their inconvenient ardor and uncongenial methods of proselytism. The wonder is not that their conduct at times inflamed popular hatred against them, but that they should have been allowed to continue in China at all.

What would be the fate of a body of Chinese propagandists who occupied themselves in publicly denouncing the faith of common Englishmen, and were insistent in pointing out what seemed to them the absurdities of the Trinity, and their doubts as to whether the founder of the creed now dominant in Europe ever existed, to the people of this island? Unless the police and the soldiery were called in to protect them, we might trust the followers of the Prince of Peace to give these enterprising Mongol fanatics a very rough time. But Western peoples seldom look at these matters except from their own point of view. In the same way, having discovered that Li Hung Chang, the real author of the ruinous Japanese war, was as unscrupulous in diplomacy as he was dishonest in finance, we assume that all mandarins are of similar character. Yet the great majority of the *literati* who govern China are beyond reproach in money matters, and the integrity of Chinese men of business and compradors has long been the admiration of the East.

All this time, too, the kidnapping of Chinamen in the great cities was going on as a regular business. The horrors of the barracoons of Macao, in which these coolies were stored before being shipped off for life-long toil and torture, were only equalled by the fate awaiting these unfortunates when they were landed as hopeless slaves on the Guano Islands off the coast of Peru. There they had no hope of humane treatment nor of any external interference on their behalf. Protests by the Chinese Government were as unavailing in this matter as in the case of the importation of opium. The old chattel slaves at Laurium or in Sicily, the modern victims of Russian tyranny in the mines of Eastern Siberia, never suffered from more frightful cruelty

than did these harmless Asiatics forced to work themselves to death amid an atmosphere which it was a pain even to breathe.

Yet the first evidence of the latent power of Asia's hundreds of millions of inhabitants came from the industrial countrymen of those sufferers in quite a peaceful way. I visited Australia for the first time nearly fifty years ago. At that time Little Bourke Street was one of the shows of Melbourne. There I saw Chinamen with their great, broad hats and rough Asiatic petticoat garb lying sandwiched on trays, to sleep head and tail like herrings in a barrel. How they continued to exist in such a confined space, packed together as they were, was a mystery. But exist they did. Moreover, they contrived to make a good living out of washing for gold on diggings abandoned by white men, out of laundry-work which they did better than anybody else, by growing vegetables in that dry and thirsty land where no one else could then make a success of market gardening, and, lastly, by competing with Europeans in certain trades and for rough work.

This last it was which brought them into difficulty. For the Chinamen not only worked ungodly long hours, but, living on a lower standard of life than their white competitors, they were able to underbid them in the matter of wages to an extent which threatened to drive European labor out of some occupations altogether. This might be all very well for capitalists, who were accused then and thereafter of fostering the trade in the importation of Chinese coolies in order to keep down the demands of their own working countrymen and make more profit for themselves. But it did not suit the views of the Caucasian wage-earners at all. They soon learned that competition of this kind

could not be met in the ordinary way. I made up my mind on this then, and I am as firmly convinced of it now. Under the system of capitalist production and competition for wages regulated, in the main, by the standard of life in various trades, Europeans, even in a temperate climate, cannot hold their own, in the long run, with these hard-working Asiatics; in the tropics they have no chance at all against industrious coolies from the Southern Provinces of China. Of course, there were all sorts of other objections raised when this primary drawback was conclusively established. Thus the Chinese were immoral themselves; they corrupted white women and indulged in loathsome vices; they herded together and lived a life of their own apart from the rest of the Colony; they were not clean in their habits, and had among them some horrible Asiatic diseases—leprosy for one; they smoked opium and were introducing the practice among Colonial workers; they “made their pile” in the colony, and then went off with it to their own country; they traded exclusively with their own merchants, and when they died in the land where they had worked, they did not even leave their bodies to fertilize the soil, but took care that they should be sent back to China and buried in the earth sanctified by countless generations of dead Chinamen before them.

These were the specious arguments against their further admission into Australia. But the real reason for the hostility of colonists to the Chinese coolies was undoubtedly their economic competition. The “Yellow Peril” loomed large at that period. Professor Charles Pearson’s book on the subject, now almost forgotten, made a great impression. The activity, too, of the Chinese emigrants at the time was surprising. They pervaded the Pacific. I well remember, when stay-

ing on the leeward side of Viti Levu (Fiji), then quite an uttermost part of the earth (1869), a large barque entered Naedi Bay. In the first boat that came ashore was a well-dressed Chinaman. I was astonished to see him there, as he had obviously nothing to do with the crew, nor, as I learned, was he interested in the cargo. It appeared, however, that the vessel had come from Tahiti, where 3,000 of his people serving as indentured coolies were out of their time. He had come to Fiji, where European plantations were being started, to see if there was any outlet for them there. The man himself talked intelligible “pidgin” English and altogether seemed a very capable, observant fellow.

In the Sandwich Islands also I found them in considerable numbers, not only on the sugar estates, but in the towns. The same, of course, in California. There the feeling against “The Heathen Chinese” was even stronger than in Australia. China Town in San Francisco, with its practically self-governing community and underground communications, was already an extraordinary development for an American city. China Town, in fact, has since been used as the groundwork for many a strange tale of truth and fiction. Bret Harte’s famous verses had just appeared, the Central Pacific Railway had lately been completed by Chinese labor, and the possibility of the Pacific slope of North America being overrun by these industrious and pacific but persistent, intelligent, and organized Mongolians was ever before men’s eyes. The same causes were producing the same effects here as elsewhere. Racial animosity grew steadily keener and more keen.

In 1879 the Government of the United States yielded to the pressure brought to bear from the Pacific slope,

fearing the serious trouble which might have arisen between the races had the Chinese immigration into California continued at its then rate. It is impossible for anyone who saw what was going on to deny that the white workers had a strong case. Phrases about universal philanthropy and the cry of "the Great Republic free to all comers" had no effect upon Trade Unionists, who saw their organizations threatened by the influx of educated Asiatics who could and did combine in their Hooeys just as well as the Americans, but who undercut the current rate of wages in all directions and never became citizens of the country. It was, no doubt, contrary to all international rule and order that Americans should claim the right to travel, trade, and settle freely in China, and yet that the Chinese, quite as industrious workers and fully as competent merchants in their own line as Americans, should be excluded from the United States. Moreover, the law became operative a few years after the Chinese had been of great service in the development of California and the other States of the Pacific coast. But the thing was done. After the passage of that enactment the Chinese were shut out from North America and the Australasian Colonies. A little later British Indians were liable to a heavy fine for landing in Australia, and the embargo of £100 on the famous Rajpoot cricketer, Ranjeetsinghi, the Jam of Ramnuggar, was removed by special ordinance of the Parliaments in the colonies where he was to play. It would have been better had this Indian of the most ancient lineage in the whole of Hindostan refused to be thus exceptionally favored. However, the fact that British Indians should be thus treated in the British Empire proves that the prejudice against Asiatics was and is by no means confined to the dislike of the Chinese.

But the new movement in Asia, which may yet have a tremendous influence on the whole world, began, in a manner to be appreciated by Europeans, not in India or China, but in the island kingdom of Japan. It seems almost inconceivable today that barely forty years ago Sir Rutherford Alcock, then recently returned from Japan, should have spoken to an old friend of the Japanese as "highly intelligent children." The Japanese themselves had at that time no conception at all of their "manifest destiny." With their great political revolution, however, and the sacrifice of their rights by the Samurai, a new era commenced, which had been watched with amazement, though scarcely, perhaps, with full comprehension, by the whole world. In forty years an almost unknown country outside the sphere of international affairs has passed from a belated feudalism to a highly-developed capitalism—a transition which it took us English four centuries to accomplish. Japan has assimilated with marvelous intuition the most effective portions of European civilization and has established itself as one of the Great Powers of the world.

The entire transformation came as a surprise even to many Europeans who were well acquainted with the peoples of the Far East. The first clear evidence that a new factor had appeared in the struggle for the control of the Pacific Ocean, and all which this implies, was afforded when, in her war with China, Japan crushed that huge Empire with a rapidity and completeness that left nothing to chance. By the use of European ships and European appliances, with a skilful adaptation of European discipline and military methods, Japan defeated the Chinese as hopelessly as any European Power could have done. The acquisition of the island

of Formosa, the claim of large "spheres of influence" on the adjacent mainland, and the demand for a heavy money indemnity at the peace of Simonosaki (1895) showed the whole East that the most modern ideas of extension of territory and commercial control had been combined with all the persistence and astuteness which Asiatics can possess. Yet so slow were we to appreciate the changed conditions that, when the war began, it was quite commonly believed, not only in the West, but in the East, that the "little Japs" had undertaken a task far beyond their capacity, and that the huge, unwieldy bulk of China, controlled by the imposing figure of Li Hung Chang, would overwhelm the adventurous islanders.

Even when the war was over and the victors had gathered in their spoils, Europe still failed to appreciate the significance of what had occurred. The contempt for Japan with which the Chinese had continued to imbue foreigners in the Treaty ports along their coast faded but slowly. That contempt did not trouble the Japanese and their rulers at all. They had decided upon a certain policy, and they proceeded to carry it out without haste and without rest. As they became more closely intimate with Europeans they decided that they were people to use and not be used by. English, American, and other merchants dealing with Japan soon found out that they were face to face with artificers, manufacturers, and traders who were as efficient in the field of industrial and mercantile competition as they had proved themselves in warfare. The Japanese raised money in Europe, built vessels in Europe, ordered machinery in Europe, sent students to Europe and America. But all with one object: to dispense as soon as possible with European and American aid and to rival the white

men in every department of human effort. Capitalism of the most ruthless description, controlling, perhaps, the cheapest and most easily-trained labor on the planet, obtained complete domination of the Japanese workers, who were handled from the commencement as the German working-class have been handled to further the projects of their Government. So far as social conditions were concerned, Japanese statesmen, so careful to make use of the most perfect scientific knowledge for the benefit of their troops, have been quite indifferent to Western legislation in favor of their new wage-earning class. The Chinese were organized by peace for peace; the Japanese were organized by war for war.

They proved this to demonstration in their war against Russia, which was their next serious step towards the attainment of the position at which they aimed. Even then there were still Europeans who failed to estimate their chances of success aright. The French, in particular, could not believe that their great Ally, Russia, would fail to hold her own against these presumptuous upstarts of yesterday, who imagined that because they had defeated China and later had sent a contingent to Peking side by side with the European divisions, they could cope successfully with the best resources of the Muscovite Empire and the indomitable courage of her soldiery. But the unexpected again happened. Whether by refusing to entertain proposals of peace and holding on after the battle of Mukden Russia could have worn Japan out need not now be discussed. The Treaty of Portsmouth settled that. Thus, in a manner which could not be explained away, the Russian Empire, long the dread of Western Europe, was thoroughly beaten by a comparatively small Asiatic State, and

Japan became still more formidable on the mainland as well as upon the ocean. The final addition of Korea to the Japanese possessions in 1910 gave the Mikado a total population of between 70,000,000 and 80,000,000 inhabitants under his direct rule. With a constantly growing Army and Navy kept up to the highest point of efficiency; with a rapidly expanding commerce and fine lines of steamers; with a future for her manufactures not confined to Asia, and holding an international position which enabled her statesmen to enter upon Treaties with Great Britain whose meaning has hardly been fully apprehended by her co-signatories—Japan took her place in the forefront of civilization.

All Asia felt the blow. For the first time since the decay of the Ottoman Turks an Asiatic State had, single-handed, defeated a European Empire of at least three times its own population and of vastly greater extent. No wonder the Japanese said, "We have been sending you our works of art, our silks, our joinery and decorations for generations, and you still regarded us as mere barbarians. We show ourselves at least your equals in scientific butchery, and at once we are admitted to your council tables as civilized men." There is not an educated Asiatic from the Black Sea to the Sandwich Islands who does not understand the meaning of that.

Now turn and read the two Treaties with England just referred to—England is herself a great Asiatic Power controlling 315,000,000 of the human race. Nevertheless, she binds herself to Japan in the two instruments of 1905 and 1911, both based upon the agreements of 1902, and probably supplemented by other secret agreements—as the custom of our Foreign Office is—which are not disclosed to the English people. These, within certain limits, constitute an offensive and

defensive alliance up to the year 1921. Even at that date there is no finality. The objects of this alliance are set forth in the preamble as: (a) The consolidation and maintenance of the general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India. (b) The preservation of the common interests of all Powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of nations in China. (c) The maintenance of the High Contracting Parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India, and the defense of their special interests in the said regions. Remembering that Japan had, and has, to all appearance, nothing whatever to gain by upholding our domination in India, the broad language here used is capable of the interpretation put upon it in many quarters, that, in return for this at least probable support from our Ally, in case of an Indian rising, some other considerations are involved. Article II, which speaks of common action in case of war, has been read in that sense in more than one quarter. Japan is at the time of writing acting as the good and loyal Ally of England in the great war, and has rapidly swept Germany out of her corner in China. But when the House of Lords cheered Lord Lansdowne so enthusiastically for his Treaty of 1905 while the Russo-Japanese War was still going on, its members appear to have overlooked some other elements in the arrangement which can scarcely fail to lead this country into a difficult situation in the near future.

However that may be, it is quite clear that these serious diplomatic instruments place Japan on at least an equal footing with England in the Far East. They also give the impression that, should we be unable for any reason to maintain our Empire in

Hindustan, then we are entitled to look to Japan until 1921, and probably for a longer period, to assist us in keeping up an alien rule in India. It is a strange position, indeed, for a proud country such as England: especially strange when we remember the attitude of British Colonies to Japanese immigrants.

But this brings us back to the extremely complicated and awkward question of Asiatic emigration generally and the claims made by Japan that Japanese immigrants should be treated on equal terms with American citizens in the United States. Things are very different from what they were in 1879, when, as already said, the United States and the British Colonies carried matters with a high hand against Chinese immigrants. China itself has undergone a complete political transformation. The Mongols have gone. Pigtailed, the sign of subservience to the Tartars, have disappeared. The Chinese race proper is in control of its own territory. Western knowledge, largely owing to the influence of Yuan Shi Kai and his opponent, Sun Yat Sen, is being substituted for the old interminable literary studies at which the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, with their devotion to Latin and Greek, can scarcely afford to smile. Railways, chiefly constructed with foreign capital, and for the time under foreign control, now connect many of the great cities and their ports. But Chinese engineers and managers are steadily replacing the outsiders, and projected lines, deprived by the war of their skilled superintendents from Belgium and other European countries, are now being carried forward by Chinese engineers. Mines and other industries are being developed. Armies, also, are being raised and armed and trained according to European systems. The movement is slow

as compared with what has been witnessed in Japan, but all capable observers are of one mind as to its being very sure. Even what we call anarchy, the stir in the various Provinces against the domination of Yuan Shi Kai from Peking, is evidence of new life and proof of fresh vigor. Left alone, they can settle their own affairs far better than we Europeans of the Japanese can arrange them for their benefit.

The eagerness for progress is being manifested in all directions. Much as they dislike the Japanese, the Chinese are ready to learn from them, and thousands of Chinese students flock to Japan for that purpose. Thus, 400,000,000 of this remarkable people, all reading the same language, are now moving along the same lines which have brought the very differently constituted island empire to its dominant position. Whether China acts under Japanese leadership or under the guidance of her own educated class, the whole question not only of Chinese emigration but of Chinese influence generally must ere long be seriously considered by Western nations.

At the time of the Tae Ping Rebellion a sort of proverb was current in the Chinese cities. First, the Tae Pings; then the Mohammedans; lastly, the Foreign Devils. The Tae Pings and Mohammedans have long since been swept away. It is quite possible the turn of the Foreign Devils may be close at hand. Fifteen years ago the head of the Banque Russo-Chinoise in Paris, who had lived more than twenty years continuously in China, who had traveled all over the Empire with special advantages and spoke and read Chinese well, told me that, in his opinion, there would be no Europeans in China except as Ambassadors or servants within twenty years. This prediction may anticipate events somewhat, but the tendency is

unmistakable, useful as foreigners may still be to the Chinese.

Meanwhile, Japan has the lead and seems likely to keep it. The majority of Englishmen, and even the majority of Americans, who are still more closely concerned than its Ally the English with the policy of this powerful and ambitious State, have but a superficial idea of the possible spread of its influence in the near future. Yet this is not for want of warning. Americans in particular have been told by their own countrymen, military officers as well as civilians who have specially studied the subject, about the sort of antagonism which lies ahead. Germans, also, who regard the problems of the Far East and the Pacific Ocean from a totally different point of view have gone into the matter with their customary thoroughness, and express virtually the same opinion. They believe that Japan is preparing, with the same relentless efficiency which she displayed in making ready for her campaigns against China and Russia, to deal with the United States when time and opportunity offer.

Americans themselves freely admit that the still rising Power of Asia has ample grounds for declaring war against the Great Republic. Breaches of international law and national pledges have been committed by the United States Government time after time. The 200,000 Japanese—mostly trained soldiers, by the way—who have taken the place of the Chinese on the Pacific slope are regarded with the same hostility as their forerunners from the mainland of Asia. Before the war my friend, the well-known Japanese Socialist, Katayama, wrote me a long letter expressing serious alarm as to what might occur to himself and his countrymen in California should the antagonism between the two races become more pronounced. A massacre of the Japanese immigrants

before they could organize and defend themselves seemed to him quite a possibility. Since then the Japanese Government has itself checked the emigration of its subjects to America, and a settlement has been temporarily arrived at. But, if we are to judge these able and far-seeing people and their statesmen by what we ourselves should do in a similar case, it seems very unlikely that they will submit permanently to such a badge of inferiority as this arrangement implies, especially since the Californians make no secret of their contempt and dislike for their unwelcome guests. Moreover, not only racial, but commercial, antagonisms are at work. It is well known that the great American manufacturing trusts have need of the outlet offered by the markets of China, where Japanese influence and Japanese cheapness are already gaining ground in rivalry with them. There is a little Socialism in Japan and more in America; but its votaries will not be numerous or powerful enough in either country to stave off a capitalist war, sooner or later, unless other circumstances render them almost miraculous assistance. The policy of the Japanese in Mexico and the South American States also threatens American capitalist interests.

Recent events have strengthened Japan without increasing the power of the United States. An Asiatic State with an army kept up on the modern European scale, and a navy thoroughly ready for any emergency, faces a peace-at-any-price Republic, practically without an army, possessed of a navy which has been allowed to run down into the danger zone, and holding points for attack which give enormous advantages to a capable and adventurous enemy, such as the Philippines, the Sandwich Islands, and the Panama Canal. The Japanese would be more than human in their

self-control and caution if they failed to obtain a diplomatic or forcible victory from such a state of affairs. They have concluded, rightly or wrongly, from the conduct of the United States Government during the war that Americans, as at present organized and ruled, will put up with any insults and outrages and surrender anything demanded of them rather than directly threaten or put themselves in a posture to threaten hostilities. It does not need the shrewdness and first-rate information which the Japanese possess to see what this means to them. Nor does the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which would render British intervention on the side of the United States very difficult, if not impossible, improve the outlook for the Republic, even if the exhaustion of our nation did not preclude us from any action in this sense.

Asia is awakening indeed. We ourselves must not imagine that India is still asleep because perfect peace reigns throughout Hindostan, and—as they tell us—Indians are eager that British rule should endure forever—so eager that they voluntarily supply fighting forces in the field to the extent of tens of thousands of men. This is not so. India is stirring too. The Andaman Islands, our modern counterpart of Van Diemen's Land, are overflowing with political prisoners, shipped off there without trial, and even without accusation, under an obsolete law. The wholesale hangings at Lahore, solely on police evidence, have been strongly condemned by Anglo-Indian officials themselves. Bengalis were long derided by us English as a people incapable for centuries of resisting oppression in any shape. We have contrived to rouse such a spirit among them that anarchists and assassins are openly cheered when living, and treated as martyrs when dead, even in Calcutta itself. There can

be no doubt whatever that disaffection is growing throughout Hindostan, though, the population being entirely deprived of arms, any organized insurrection is not to be anticipated. But India demands self-government, and requires that the drain of £30,000,000 yearly to England from the poorest population on the planet, without any commercial return, should be stanchied. When the high-minded and noble philanthropist, Lajpat Rai, who has suffered frequent and unreasonable persecution from the British Indian Government, publishes a quiet but crushing indictment of the whole spirit of our rule and declares that self-government is the only remedy; when that widely-circulated, but very moderate, paper, the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*, cannot refrain from stringent criticisms of our unsympathetic and harmful domination; when every Hindoo shrine and Mohammedan mosque in Hindostan is a center of secret propaganda against the foreigner, Hindoo and Mohammedan being of the same race and suffering under the same oppression—when this all is going on and anarchical outbreaks are steadily growing, statesmen ought to look facts in the face and give fair play to our vast subject peoples before these symptoms of continuous unrest are followed by an irresistible conspiracy. An empire which declares that it is fighting a world-war for the maintenance of national rights and national freedoms cannot in decency keep one-fifth of the human race in subjugation to foreign despotism and liable to the exaction of a foreign economic tribute on a huge scale. If England persists in a fatal policy there can be little doubt as to the ultimate result. Not even the legions of Japan will suffice to keep India permanently enslaved. The movements in China and Japan itself have already had their influence throughout Hindostan.

However desirable it may seem to the great Indian feudatories to exhibit their loyalty to the dominant Power today, it is inconceivable that they can fail to know what is taking place around them, or that they fail to share in the general Asiatic feeling against the supremacy of the white race.

When the war is at an end and peace is at last proclaimed, all the leading European nations will be well-nigh bled to death, alike in men and in money. Asia will not have suffered; *The Fortnightly Review.*

Japan will have actually gained in means and influence. The lessons of the terrific struggle will not have been lost upon the East. The relative positions of the two continents will have been modified still farther in favor of the yellow races against the white. These are facts which can neither be overlooked nor explained away. The assumed superiority of Europe will ere long be definitely challenged. The Awakening of Asia is the most important feature in the world-politics of our time.

H. M. Hyndman.

WATERWAYS AND AIRWAYS.

The supreme strategical advantage with which these islands are endowed consists both in their geographical position and in the number and excellence of their harbors on all their coasts. Great Britain and Ireland are the fortresses that command the northern seas; and their harbors are so many gates opening to the waterways of the world. But these conditions also invite attack. And as the British Isles are open to attack on all sides from the sea, so it is the first principle of national security to maintain so powerful a sea force, both military and mercantile, that England shall exercise the control of sea communications. Her harbors are the homes of the Navy and of the merchant service; places of refuge, bases of supply, centers of distribution from which radiate the main lines of railway. The distributing system is far from adequate, and the war has demonstrated in this matter as in others what students of the subject long and vainly urged in time of peace; and the rapid and punctual distribution of supplies is an integral part of the system of national defense. Of an equal importance is the necessity for intercommunication between

ports and naval bases; for in war all coasts alike are the object of attack, though that area of coast-line nearest to the coast of the enemy will naturally be exposed to the greatest danger. In the present war, the east coast is, of course, the main area of attack and defense; and as the result of the naval policy of the Liberal Government, the east coast at the beginning of the war was almost wholly defenseless. From Dover to Dunnet Head there was no harbor nor naval base to serve the needs of the Fleet; the land defenses had been carefully removed; and a scheme for deepening the approaches to Chatham having been set aside upon the excuse that the naval base at Rosyth was to be begun, the work at Rosyth was postponed. One of the questions which will in due time be addressed to the Prime Minister is why, upon the outbreak of war, he replaced at the Admiralty the naval officer who, after the Government, was responsible for the nakedness of the east coast.

For many years before the war the construction of a great naval base at Rosyth was urged by students of national defense, both professional

and lay. It was also urged that the new base should be connected with the shipbuilding center of the Clyde by means of an extension of the existing Forth-Clyde canal, which should be made capable of taking the largest ships. The length of the canal is little more than thirty miles; distinguished Admirals and skilled engineers perseveringly demonstrated the practicability of the scheme; but the Government took not the slightest notice of it. The advantages of direct and speedy communication between the east and west ports of Firth and Clyde, between the naval repairing base at Rosyth and the shipbuilding yards of Glasgow and Dumbarton, are sufficiently obvious. Vessels in need of repair, instead of proceeding north about, could be taken up the Firth of Forth and through the canal to the Clyde. Vessels launched on the Clyde could be taken direct to the naval base at Rosyth. There seems no reason why the whole length of the canal should not be lined with shipbuilding yards. For it is certain that after the war the demand for new merchant shipping will be enormous. It will take years to make good the losses incurred and the ships expended during the present campaign.

Nothing but the force of public opinion induced the Government to begin the building of Rosyth; nothing but the war compelled them to hasten the work, which is yet far from completion. Were the public to recognize the necessity for constructing the Forth-Clyde canal, the Government at this time would eventually be forced to take action. And at this moment the Admiralty are able to get what they want. If, for instance, the First Lord were to demand the preparation of the scheme for the construction of the canal, it is hardly to be supposed that the Government

would refuse their consent. But they would probably endeavor to evade a decision by appointing a committee of amiable barristers to consider the matter; and in order to avoid that contingency it must be clearly understood that the question is a military question and therefore cannot be submitted to a committee. The period of the war should be employed in preparing the designs and estimates, so that as soon as the necessary labor becomes available the work may be begun.

There is another aspect of the system of national defense which requires the most serious consideration. The sea supremacy of Great Britain is menaced both under the water and over the water. During the war, the whole coast-line of the British Isles has been divided into districts, which extend a certain distance inland and a certain distance out to sea, and each of which is under the command of a naval officer. His business is to keep clear of mine and submarine the sea routes of communication from port to port. The whole of this admirable organization has been achieved by the Admiralty during the war; and after the war it will be necessary to maintain it, at least in skeleton.

The submarine minelayer can now menace every sea passage in home waters. Therefore the necessity for internal communication between port and port is the more urgent. Germany openly boasts that her submarine piracy will bring to naught the sea supremacy of England. So far, Germany has failed to make good her vaunts.* Nevertheless, it remains the fact that the invention of the submarine constitutes the greatest danger to this country hitherto known to

*The losses inflicted upon British ocean-going steamships during two years of war average less than one-half of one per cent per month. Though the absolute loss is considerable, the true criterion is the relative loss, which is insignificant.

history. In an island nation the national existence, the national commerce, and the national wealth must mainly depend upon the security of ocean transport. It will be necessary that the country should produce a much greater proportion of the food it requires; but even if the country were self-supporting it would still be necessary to secure the safe transport of trade. It is vain to suppose that submarine warfare and piracy can be ended by international agreement, for it will always be to the interest of the weaker naval powers to build submarines; and no one except Lord Grey believes that the Powers, after the war, will all become philanthropists. The extraordinary success of the Navy in dealing with German submarines has not availed to prevent the infliction of considerable losses upon the mercantile marine of the world; and although the Navy may yet devise a complete answer to the submarine, or may so develop its own submarine force that no nation dare risk a naval war—there remains the mine. Almost any vessel may be equipped as a minelayer, and where she has passed, she leaves a belt of certain death. It is really rather unreasonable to suppose that this country can maintain indefinitely hundreds or thousands of small craft to sweep channels for the ships of all the world. Neither the mine nor the submarine will destroy the maritime supremacy of England, but they will circumscribe it. Never will return those happy days when so soon as the enemy's cruisers and privateers were put down the seas were safe.

It may be well that the true defense against the dangers under the water will be found not on but *over* the water. The reflection may be distasteful; new conjectures usually are so. But if there is one thing more certain than another it is that England

must win and maintain the same predominance in the air as that which she has won and maintained on the sea. What is the single advantage which the German navy owns over the Grand Fleet? It is the possession of a fleet of scouting airships. When Mr. Churchill occupied the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, did he or did he not stop the building of lighter-than-aircraft? Had this country a Parliament instead of a subsidized herd of placemen, Mr. Churchill would long ago have been forced to answer that question.

There is a deal of talk about equipping hundreds of aeroplanes; but the first thing needful is to provide the Fleet with its requisite squadrons of scouting airships. In this regard the relation of sea warfare to air warfare is evident enough. The success of strategy and tactics alike depends upon the knowledge of the dispositions of the ships of the enemy. As matters stand, Germany by means of her airships can obtain the requisite information. Admiral Sir John Jellicoe has no such advantage. Seaplanes, by reason of their limited range, cannot serve the requisite purpose. In Sir John Jellicoe's report of the Battle of Jutland it is stated that a seaplane was sent up during the action and performed useful service. It is, however, evident that the seaplane was not employed until the two fleets were actually in contact, and that its service was extremely hazardous. To what extent the Germans used Zeppelins for scouting purposes before the action we are not informed. It may be that the thick weather made them useless. But at least one Zeppelin was present at the action. It seems to have inflicted no damage; but the main purpose for which Zeppelins are employed at sea is not fighting—though, of course, the Germans have been careful to publish abroad that

they are fighting vessels—but reconnaissance. The use of the airship on, or rather over, land is another matter.

Now the fact that the airship has become an essential auxiliary to the Fleet leads to highly important conclusions. In the first place it is clear that airship stations must be established at intervals along the whole coast-line of these islands, and at every naval base. The present writer has no idea whether or not such a scheme is being carried into execution; but that it must be carried into execution is certain. Already this country has ten years of leeway to make up. It is the British tradition to wait until foreigners have brought an invention to a certain degree of perfection and then to take it in hand and complete it. Eventually the British article becomes the best in the world. The French were racing in "soixante-dix" automobiles when the English were towing home their paralytic vehicles behind a farmer's wain. Two or three years afterwards the English machine was second to none. It may be humbly suggested that the moment has now arrived when the English intellect may without undue precipitation be devoted to the problem of the airship. According to all report it has already succeeded in beating the German aeroplane. The State should provide the requisite money to defray the cost of research and experiment; and at the same time it may even be suggested that the State, which in this relation means the Government official, should at least be induced to refrain from trying to take from the inventor the fruits of his toil without paying for them. In this respect, perhaps, a Minister of Air might be useful; it is hard to see in what other respect he is required. The airship service is a naval service and the Admiralty are perfectly competent to conduct it.

The commercial use of the airship is another matter altogether, and its discussion does not fall within the scope of these observations.

The necessity of equipping the Fleet with squadrons of aerial cruisers being established, as it is established, and the assumption being that the new arm is already under construction, what follows? What would be the state of affairs were airship stations constructed along the coast-line of the British Isles, and the new air fleet in full commission? First, the Fleet would be placed on equal or superior terms with its adversaries. Second, this country would be in a position to win the command of the air, precisely as the possession of a powerful Navy gives it the opportunity of winning the command of the sea. In time of war the attainment of the control of the air would involve the destruction of the air fleet of the enemy. When it was destroyed the British air squadrons would control the celestial communications, exactly as the British sea squadrons now control the waterways of the world.

When the British air fleet has destroyed the air fleet of the enemy, and not before, will the menace of the Zeppelin cease to be. The answer to the airship is the airship. To attack an airship with an aeroplane is like attacking a battleship with a destroyer. Now and again, by virtue of extraordinary skill and daring, such an enterprise may succeed. But the principle that like must be met with like holds. In respect of the submarine it seems indeed to fail, but that point is not yet settled.

Looking back over a space of no more than three years or so, we can remember how public opinion in this country quite definitely decided that no nation in the world would ever dare to commit the frightful atrocity of dropping explosives from aircraft

upon harmless innocent civilians. Now people nightly scan the heavens in expectation of that event, as a matter of course. The swift adjustment of the mind is no more remarkable in this respect than will be the shifting of warfare and perhaps commerce from land and sea to the clouds. Anticipation is the province of the writer of romance and the poet; and very often their dreams come true. But at this moment the immediate need is to take vigorous action in accordance with known and proved conditions.

Thus the urgent and undisputed necessity for equipping the Fleet with air scouts leads directly to the consideration of the effect upon war as a whole of the mastery of the air. It is at once obvious that here, as in all else, the sea shall serve the uses of England. For the airship can be transported by sea to any shore; or it can sail there, secure over the sea from attack. The aeroplane transported by sea is already scouting and fighting in distant corners of the earth. Supposing it were reinforced by squadrons of airships. Is it extravagant to conceive that the airship, with its endurance and its carrying power, would essentially affect the conduct of land warfare? As the war goes on we know at least that the range and effect of the operations of the aeroplane are steadily increasing.

The fighting airship must be regarded, like a ship, as a floating platform for guns, with a vertical downward fire. The force of gravity provides the propellant impetus. Instead of using horizontal fire with high-explosive propellant, as in land batteries and in ships of war, the airship works in another and a vertical plane of attack. She is highly vulnerable to gun-fire; but vulnerability, in face of modern weapons, is a matter of degree. Nothing is invulnerable. The most heavily protected battleship may

be sent to the bottom. As for the destroyer, her skin is not much thicker than the skin of a man; and both alike risk shot and shell and sometimes escape them.

It has been said, and by Germany wearisomely iterated, that the invention of the airship nullifies the natural defense of water possessed by an island country. An essential element of German Kultur is its systematic misrepresentation and the mere fact that a statement is made in Germany brands it with suspicion. The natural defense of an island against attack consists in the inability of men to walk on water, so that in order to cross that element they must be transported in ships. All that the protective obstacle of water imposes upon the invader is the necessity of traveling in ships. Given enough ships, the obstacle is overcome, and the sea is changed from an impassable barrier to a road. Hence it was that before England built a Navy she was perpetually invaded. In due course she discovered that the only way to prevent invasion was to meet and defeat the ships of the enemy ere they could touch her shores. The conditions of sea transport make it much easier, as well as much cheaper, to destroy a fleet than to destroy an army. Therefore the possession by an island country of a strong fleet, and that possession alone, enlists on its side the sea, which for warlike purposes again becomes a barrier against the invader, simply because it is studded with the movable fortresses called ships of war.

By a parity of reasoning the air becomes either a barrier or a road in respect of one or other of the parties voyaging in it, according to the relative proportion of the number of vessels each employs. Until a few years ago the relation of mankind to the air was as its relation to the sea

before the invention of the boat. Man cannot walk on the one nor fly in the other. The maker of the first boat changed the sea from a barrier to a road. Count Zeppelin, profiting by the experience of the pioneers in balloons and the men who flew in aeroplanes, did the same by the air. But England is not less an island. She is an undefended island, because at present the enemy owns a superior air fleet. But the sea, whose roads England controls, presents to the enemy the difficulty of distance to be overcome, for the enemy cannot employ sea transport to help air transport; whereas England can use sea transport to bring aircraft to the coasts of the enemy. Nothing, not even German mendacity, can alter the elementary fact that the frontiers of an island are separated by sea from the frontiers of other lands. On the Continent, frontiers touch. The soldiers of nations each hostile to the other have been drilling for years in sight of one another; and the airships of either side might rest in their hangars with their noses almost touching. Each side knows what the other is doing. But an island is out of sight of the Continent.

The principle of obtaining predominance in the air is forced upon this country exactly as the necessity of obtaining predominance on the sea was forced upon her. Once more England is late in recognizing the position, but once more she will accept it and act upon it. During the present war she has turned her immemorial and unmatched knowledge of the sea to the uses of the air with admirable results. The skill required to master the one element is the skill required to master the other.

The National Review.

The relation of air warfare to submarine warfare is not yet determined. But it is at least obvious that the power of the submarine resides in its invisibility. Aircraft may or may not be able to detect the submarine cruising submerged; and if they are able to detect it, aircraft may or may not be able to destroy it. But submarines, like other vessels, depend upon their bases on shore, and as aircraft develop they will threaten those bases. It is not here necessary to discuss whether or not air warfare will by degrees supersede all other methods of war. But the single fact that the Fleet must be supplied with squadrons of scouting airships at once removes the whole question from the realm of theory to the necessity for action.

There is the other fact: the periodical visits of the German midnight assassins to this country. These have at least proved the military value of the airship. That little damage of military importance has hitherto been inflicted by the Zeppelins is a matter of luck. That it might be inflicted is undeniable. It is no longer of the slightest use to suppose that the airship is a mere passing eccentricity, or that in course of time it can infallibly be brought down by artillery fire whenever it appears. Is it suggested that the entire coast-line of these islands should be lined with heavy guns? By the same reasoning this country should by that means be defended against a hostile fleet. But it is not so defended, because experience has proved that the only successful defense consists, not in waiting to attack the enemy's fleet when it arrives, but in defeating it on the way.

A Naval Correspondent.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GEORGY SCORES.

NOTE.—The journals for the year 1813 and the early months of 1814 are irrecoverably lost; left behind in France, it is thought. . . .

"Well!" cried Georgy impulsively, striking her little rosy palms together to enforce her indignation, "I do think it is a shame! For thee to go right through the war without a scratch, and now, just when peace is coming, to be shot by a drunken British soldier outside a wineshop in Dax! O, it makes me wild! I hope they flogged him."

"They didn't, and I am uncommonly glad to know it."

"Then thou screened the wicked fellow! How foolish of thee, Van Schau! O, if I had been there the wretch should have caught it!"

"Poor soul, I think not. He was tipsy, Georgy, empty after a long march, and a little bad brandy took effect. You should have heard him sobbing when he saw what he had done! Of course I made it out an accident. What else could a man do?"

"Do?—Had him shot in turn, or punished soundly. O, thou dear old stupid! Thou wast always too soft. But, where should I have been at this moment, I wonder, if thou hadst been hard-hearted?"

I had reached Winteringhame an hour before, dog-weary with posting from Southampton, where the packet had put me ashore on crutches. I was luckier than many to have got off with an unimportant hurt in the thigh; a little high for choice, perhaps, and painful, for a nerve was cut. 'Twas but a flesh-wound, the bone neither splintered nor jarred, the bullet extracted at the week's end, and the

hole filling up reasonably nicely, I hoped.

Lord, what it might have been! What injuries have I seen in hospitals! What objects left to crawl about when the surgeons had done all they could, and nature had made shift to cover up the mess!

This mishap might have befallen me on the march in Spain, beside the road, or wide of the road among box-brush, anywhere. I might have been left to the wolves and crows as were so many of our poor fellows who took hurts whilst fighting rear-guard actions during our retreats from Sahagun and Burgos. My heart was full of thankfulness which I strove in vain to get my child to share.

For Georgy was young and hot on behalf of her friend. We two had the house to ourselves that March afternoon, for Abel was away at some new sinkings, and the old people at Chester, and I had turned up unexpectedly.

Badly as I wanted to see them all, and much as I had to ask after my six years' absence,* there were compensations. For, to begin with, never had I seen the garden look as it was looking that afternoon. Campaigning in Spain, which is not famous for its gardens, finishing up with a week at sea, sets an edge to one's appetite for English turf and hyacinths.

And, here at my elbow, was the finest flower of all.

It was six years, I say, since I had seen the creature. She was now twenty by our reckoning, and, faith, I could scarcely keep my eyes off her,

*Mr. Fanshawe's stay in England after his return from Sir John Moore's campaign in Spain was too short to allow of his visiting his friends. I have heard him complain gently that after three days ashore, spent chiefly at the War Office, he was summoned to the Horse Guards to make a confidential report, and dispatched upon a special mission to Portugal with scarce time to renew his kit.—Exor.

or my hands from fondling her! The melting kindness of the darling! Had she not helped me out of my chaise, supporting me in her strong young arms, cooing and murmuring for pity and pleasure, giving me a shoulder to rest upon, lowering me into a deep, cushiony chair, drawing off my boots with her own little hands? Then with what a fury of zeal had she set about me, spoon-feeding me with milk and brandy as a stand-by whilst the maids scuttled around preparing food and laying me a bed upon the ground-floor!

I lay back with half-shut eyes, and softly taken breath, feebly stretching cramped and aching limbs whose every bone made separate complaint, and surprised myself upon the verge of tears. An admission possible to-day from an old man. Lord, how I had hungered for Home!

Yes, the finest flower of all! What a transformation, what development during my absence! I had left a growing lass, an unfurnished filly of a girl, wholesome, active, the hoyden scarce left behind: still fitful, unsure of herself, shyly panting for the unknown destiny beyond the hills and far-away, her womanhood.

And, lo, it had fallen upon her, draping her from her high-arched insteps to the milk-white parting of her crown of gold hair; all that women silently long for, and men worship, the passionately desired, perilous, enchanted mantle of physical beauty!

I had been worn out, shaken with much jolting, and drawn with pain when she stood before me, but I swear her presence fortified me like wine.

How make you see her as she was in the first glory of an almost incomparable loveliness?

The full-length by Sir Thomas Lawrence which hangs in the red dining-room in the New Work at Winteringham gives some idea, but

was painted ten years too late for Georgy's best. Her moment was missed.

She had shot up and was tall for a woman; over five feet eight in her stockings, but, so well-knit, so surely poised, so admirably proportioned that her height became her. 'Twas said of her by connoisseurs when later she went up to Town, that she walked so well, and held herself so gracefully, as to seem no taller than was meet. Lord Alvanley, an acknowledged arbiter of such matters, observed, "No woman is too tall who can pass a crowd." Our Georgy had nothing to fear from any crowd. Though not yet twenty-one she had the figure of a woman of five or six years older, the "Junonian" shape, as they called it later, which she never lost.

Her eyes, which had been almost amber when last I looked into 'em, bright and glancing as a spaniel's, had darkened slightly, and were now the tint of peat-water sliding over shingle steeped in sunshine. Large eyes, they were, fine eyes, as frank as a boy's, steady and fearless. I doubt if any man ever looked my Georgy down. The gaze of all fell, as I have repeatedly observed, before the serious beauty of her regard.

There was something regal in the woman's downright stare when she thought fit to be haughty or indignant. Have I not seen her face down Princes of the Blood, one of 'em Cumberland, ablest and worst of his Family? When that brutal fellow glared into her brave eyes 'twas his, not hers, that blenched.

But I am anticipating.

Milk-and-roses Mrs. Ellwood had smilingly named her complexion when a child, and milk-and-roses 'twas still, uncoarsened by the winds she faced, and that open-air life in which she joyed,

She kissed me twice, good, open-hearted kisses. I could have done with twenty. Then, my immediate comforts seen to, the girl sat beside me stroking my hand; the same, but not the same. Six years had changed a child into a woman, as I gradually realized, but for that hour those six years were forgot. I was her dear old Van Schau, her silly old Van Schau, who could never be trusted to take care of himself, and so forth, then more soft-fingered stroking of my great, gaunt, hairy-backed hand, of which the whitened knuckles shone through loose tanned skin, for I had wasted abominably, shamefully, considering how small was my hurt.

Twice she had flown to the kitchen routing willing maids, and twice returned upon swift, silent feet, with news that the broth would be ready in a trice and my bed was a-making.

Meanwhile she could find naught to do but to look into my tired eyes and stroke my hand.

Suddenly I realized the genial absurdity of the situation and threw up my chin with a cackle of stupid laughter which was near enough to sobbing. In an instant she had dropped upon her knees and was weeping silently upon my sleeve.

It was a momentary weakness, no more, she was up again as quickly as she was down, dashing the drops from her cheeks with a laugh.

And thus Abel found us. The dear old fellow, knowing nothing of my presence, had come through the house from the stables at the back, and, passing the hurrying household all unobserved by them, entered the room with some casual inquiry upon his lips as to what the women were about in the study.

Georgy turned upon him hotly, "Has he come? . . . The doctor, I mean. What has that lazy Forsdyke

been about? I bade him gallop *Ladybird!*"

My friend answered at large, and coming to my side, looked me over in tight-lipped silence, wishing to know the worst before committing himself to speech.

"Dear George!" he muttered unsteadily through clenched teeth.

"O, don't begin pitying me, for Goodness' sake! See, I am home again with two eyes, four limbs, and but one hole in my skin."

I tried to hitch myself forward to get at his hand. The effort was the last straw. That dull ache of my wound turned to an urgent stab. Something went. I had a sense of sinking down, down, whilst a yellow net tightened about my head, through which I saw two kind, pained faces receding and lessening into immeasurable distance.

"The bandage must have slipped," I said, and my voice sounded low and far away. I was upon my back, a mute disinterested spectator of strange doings.

"He is bleeding," cried Georgy, pointing to the spreading stain upon my breeches, and catching the penknife from the standish upon the table, she flung herself upon me, her eyes blazing, her lovely mouth compressed to a white rosebud, and slit my smalls from waist to knee. My blood was welling fast and began to throw in jets, for an artery had gone. Not the great one on the inside of the thigh, or I had gone too within three minutes.

"Thumbs!—Both your thumbs, Abel!" gasped the girl, driving her own deep into my wasted muscle in hopes of checking the hemorrhage. Abel seconded her without a word, conceding her the command, who shrieked to the maids to run down the avenue and hurry the doctor.

Fortunately for all concerned the

man was at the door, and was a fellow of Abel's choosing, resourceful and adroit, a rough and ready surgeon. Presently I heard him speaking.

"That ought to hold. Begad, we had not much in hand, Miss Gee! Hillo! he is coming round. Hold your tongue, sir, we will do the talking.

"Now, what the deuce caused this?
 . . . There must be something.
 . . . There is. . . . More brandy, Miss Gee. Hold the basin just so, sir."

But I was off again, and only heard days later how narrow had been my escape. A deep-seated cavity, full of everything that ought not to have been there, had eaten through the wall of a minor artery. For the surgeon who probed my wound at Dax, whilst removing the bullet, had left a piece of the cartridge in me.

They had saved me, these two, and must needs nurse me turn about, night and day, until out of danger. I rebelled, but was beaten down. The royal scorn of Georgy at the mere idea of being supplanted by a paid nurse was good to listen to. Abel's silent determination was adamant, a rock against which pleas and protests broke in vain.

'Twas a short convalescence or my pride would have been humbled for life. Once those intrusive shreds of paper were out, the Fanshawe flesh, notorious for healing with the first intention, took charge, and I was about again and putting on weight within four weeks.

During that month I was perforce drawn very closely to my nurses, though seldom I did see them together for more than a minute or two. Now and again in the first few days during intervals of uneasy sleep, I found them bending over me, the sheaves of odorous hair close to the broad white forehead and earnest eyes of my friend. The relation was singularly interesting to me who loved both.

Later, when around the corner, and possibly less selfish, I watched them closely. The mutual understanding was perfect. Few married couples, I think, pull together as evenly as did this man and maid. The vehement, full-blooded young woman, so capable and brave, accepted the least hint from the small silent man, so restrained in expression, so quiet in movement.

So have I seen the gray hill-shepherd waited upon and obeyed upon the instant by his eager, worshiping collie.

Abel, who had fallen asleep in his chair beside me, awoke to find me smiling upon him, and murmured a needless apology.

"Man," said I, "I've been thinking. She scored that time, she and yourself. You don't surprise me, but *she!* . . . I have seen an artery go before, and know what that pumping means. . . . It smothered her. That pretty gray frock, and all. And the white apron, and her little hands. . . . What a sight!

"'Tis the last thing I remember. . . . How did she know what to do? It beats me. Courage I knew she had, and the strength of a little lion, but where . . . ?"

"On the works, in the cottages, but chiefly in the stables. As a young girl she fainted at the sight of blood. It shamed her, George; she must needs force herself to watch any cases of cutting and bandaging until she could be trusted. I have known her sit up all night with a horse that had trod on a bottle. She held up the forefoot of her mare whilst the farrier set stitches above the knee. . . . She . . . she! . . . " his illumined face betrayed him.

"Abel, you love the child! No, don't say a word! Ye never told a lie in your life, and 'tis too late to begin. Nor would I believe ye."

"Thou presumest upon the privileges of a sick-bed," he began, arising stiffly,

but I stopped his mouth with a "Stuff and nonsense! Sit down!"

He sat and we faced one another for a while in silence, nor did I take my eye from his.

"But, she doesn't love me," he groaned, "nor do I think she ever will!" he bent his head, surrendering at discretion, for this primly reserved fellow must have been at his farthest, and as much in need of a friend as ever was lover yet.

"Have ye asked her?"

"She is too young. Nor do I feel it would be fair. If she refused me, where could she go? . . . Or I? . . . I keep postponing. . . . But, indeed, it seems too like abusing my position; taking advantage. And yet . . . !" he stifled a sigh.

"She has seen nobody, thou understands, or so few. How can she know her own mind? Next month we had hoped to attend our Yearly Meeting in London, and to introduce her to a few of our people.

"But, indeed, George, apart from that, I cannot regard myself as a suitable . . . I am thirty-six, nearly twice her age! Thou, who knows me, art aware what an uncompanionable person I am, how full of business."

"Mine!" I threw in, but he paid no heed and went on.

"I should be a most inattentive and unacceptable husband for so young, and so . . . delightful a woman friend."

"But, you *love* her, my dear man!"

"I do. Indeed I do!" the avowal seemed dragged from his very heart-roots. Having made it he sat silent. But presently resumed, "There is another objection. We don't see eye to eye in matters of the spirit. I had thought at one time she had drawings toward our Society. But of late this impression has weakened." He sighed and cleared his throat as if ashamed of sighing, and willing to make pretense

to himself and to me that he had not.

I was at the end of my counsel, and we talked no more at that time, but my mind was disturbed by the discovery which I had made, or rather I should call it a secret forced from him. There was something in his first objection, he was fifteen or sixteen years her senior, long fixed in his bachelor way of life, and immensely and happily engrossed in a multiplicity of affairs. Was there room in his heart, and time in his day, for a wife? He seemed to think not, or, rather, one side of him thought not, the other side, meanwhile, clamoring for its rights.

And with this recalcitrant, mutineer of a side I sided. For look you, though in the "aib-stract," as my old Scottish general would have said, there was neither room nor time for a woman, yet there was both for *this* woman, as his daily life showed.

If she obeyed his slightest suggestions, he leaned upon her intuitions. She swayed him unknowing what she did; he was influenced without recognizing the bias.

And if it were thus with 'em when she was but twenty (though I grant you a wonder for her years), what would it be when she was turned of twenty-five?

"O, get along with you, Abel, for a nincompoop and a ninny, yes, and for a dear old blind-as-a-bat piece of pedantic stupidity!" I growled to myself. But not to him, O no! I know better than to drive a matter which in my ignorance of man-and-woman nature I thought going very well unheliped.

Nor to cross it. And so, since I was beginning to feel my strength returning and George Fanshawe a full man once more, with the usual sins to fight, and the human frailties to watch for and beat down, I locked my door and fell upon my knees, and besought the Lord to keep me true to my friend, nor let

me in idleness and fullness come between two hearts which He had made for one another.

Was it a struggle? I'll own that it was, for I am human. But, I ask you what alternative was left to me, tell me that! Knowing what I now

knew, seeing what I had seen, and saw daily, to have behaved otherwise would have proved me a traitor and a selfish brute, eh? Now, would it not? Ye know that it would. Ye agree with me. So that's flat.

Now let us get on.

(To be continued.)

SUNK.

She was an old battleship whose day of power was long past. At the great naval review held to celebrate the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, you might have seen her in one of the proudest stations of the Fleet; but when the Great War broke out hers was the least of the Battle Squadrons, and she herself a neglected unit at the very tail of British Sea Power, almost ready for the ship-breaker's yard. War brought her to life again and to a glorious end. Being one of the ships concerned in the much-discussed Test Mobilization of the Third Fleet which took the place of Naval Manœuvres in 1914, she was unusually ready when war broke out: full complement on board, guns' crews less rusty than usual, and showing a remarkable turn of speed for a lady of her years, though slow as a dray compared with her younger sisters. In company with others of her age and kind she made part of that strange squadron, a motley of ancient and modern, headed by the greatest ship in the world, which won renown at the Dardanelles. Written off by the callous Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty as "of no military significance," she yet told her tale of shelling sound and fury to the Turkish enemy in such a fashion as to make it signify some considerable damage to him, and to show that even the tail of our Sea Power had a good deal of nasty sting left in it.

One morning in May 1915 she entered the Straits, the last of five battleships in line ahead told off to support an advance of the troops on shore. With their guns trained on the European side they turned their backs, as it were, upon the Turkish batteries on the Asiatic shore, and when the latter began to bother them our ship was ordered to take station somewhere off Kum Kale and enfilade the Turkish position with her 12-inch guns. Steadily all day the booming of the guns sounded across the water and went echoing up the Hellespont: and, as if to prove that this was something more than Battle Practice at last, a spout of water would rise now and then not a cable's-length ahead and others of the same round about. Rarely, and even then without great effect, did enemy shells fall aboard; but they came near enough to keep the ship's company awake and lively all day. In the soft evening light the guns of this enfilading ship looked like long gray pencils, but where the lead should have been there came ever and anon a red tongue that flashed and vanished: and after the red tongue a great cloud: and after the cloud a voice of thunder: and far up the Asiatic shore the shell found its mark. Then sunset came and put an end to the noisy day's work; and the ship took her night station under the lea of the European shore, put out her torpedo-netting anew like a great steel skirt,

and lay awaiting the return of day. Darkness gathered about her with that sudden descent which surprises men from the north used to the long twilight of summer, and long before midnight land and sea were lost to view under the heavy cloak of a black starless sky.

The officer of the watch, a Royal Naval Reserve lieutenant from the Orkneys, peered into the night and listened to the low gurgle and murmur of the tide running strongly through the torpedo-netting and making the ship swing slowly to her anchor. And as he listened an old Orcadian rhyme came into his head—

Eynhallow frank, Eynhallow free,
Eynhallow stands in the middle of the
sea;
With a roarin' roost on every side,
Eynhallow stands in the middle of the
tide.

So he stood: in the middle of another tide with a roarin' roost on every side, and a ship under his feet which seemed as firm as the Eynhallow rock itself. Little did he think that before dawn she would prove but a frail refuge. As little did he realize that the campaign on which he was engaged was but the latest link in a long chain of stirring events that had made the Hellespont famous from the most distant times. Had he been of a reflective turn of mind he might have conjured up before him the whole matchless pageant of history that lies folded in those narrow waters: the Trojan scene: the oft-repeated passage of that great sea-river by conquerors from East and West: the glory of Byzantium and its decay: the prowess and cruelty of the Ottoman Turks: and all the lore of those waters of ancient memory. But he was a simple seaman from the merchant service, drawn into the service of the King at war, and no such high historic

thoughts came to distract him from the duties of his watch.

Presently he was joined by another officer who came up from below for a breath of night air. They talked together for a while, recalling the incidents of the day's work, speculating upon the old theme of Ships v. Forts, pitying the "poor devils ashore" who were never out of fire, and wondering when Achi Baba would fall. They talked "shop" because there was nothing else to talk about; and though the subjects never varied they never seemed to lose their zest. In every ward-room of the motley fleet assembled round the snout of the Gallipoli Peninsula, the same kind of talk might be heard, varied a little in each ship, and always flavored with the expressive service slang so beloved and so little understood by the Gentlemen of the Press who accompanied them. The officer of the watch and his companion continued their conversation in low tones for a while, and then stood for a moment silent. With a "Good night: I'm going to turn in," the latter had set his foot on the topmost rail of the steel ladder and was about to descend when a sudden exclamation arrested him. He turned.

"What's that?" said the officer of the watch in a sharp whisper.

"Where?"

"Over there," he pointed to the shore on the port side.

"I can't see a thing."

They strained their eyes, peering out into the night. They listened intently, but heard nothing except the murmuring tide now sounding its eerie accompaniment to the inaudible movement out of sight. They strained their ears; but neither sight nor hearing but some other uncanny sense was awake in them hinting of something about to happen.

The officer of the watch spoke again.

"I can't see a thing, and I can't hear anything; but I swear there's something moving out there." He pointed again to the European shore.

"Troops, perhaps?"

"Can't be; we'd have been warned."

They waited again in silence. How long they stood tense, neither could afterwards say: each second was a long agony of suspense. The eddying tide whispered and bubbled beneath them. A faint stirring of the night air caressed their faces. But to their anxious questions no answer came. In the deep shadow under the land there was a secret, holding life or death perhaps, a moving threat hidden in the night. But what it was? or whence? or why? they could not tell.

Suddenly the officer of the watch clutched his companion's arm.

"A destroyer. Look!"

Just where a gully dipped to the sea there was a patch where land and water met that was faintly luminous. It was not light: merely less black than the rest: but the contrast was enough to give the eye an impression of light. With bursting pulses the watch-keeper saw a long, low, black shape pass stealthily across the patch.

"Shall I challenge? It may be one of our 'Beagles' coming back from the Narrows. They went up towards Chanak, two of them, after dinner. I saw them."

"No; it can't be. They'd never come like that. You've had no signal from the Flagship?"

"No."

"Then it's *der Tag* for us, old man! Keep your eye on him, and I'll tell the skipper. You'd better pass the word for 'Action Stations' to the port battery. We must be quick about it, and quiet; otherwise our number's up."

He went to rouse the captain. The officer of the watch made his prepara-

tions, watched his orders being swiftly and almost noiselessly carried out, and turned again to peer through the darkness. Two minutes passed. He inflated his "Gieve," and as he tucked away the tube, a faint splash was heard in the darkness away on the port-beam.

"God! A torpedo," he exclaimed.

He waited for the torpedo to strike—another long suspense: but within thirty seconds the splash was answered by a roar from the 4-in. port battery of his own ship. Tongues of flame leapt from the muzzles, lighting up the night, and the shells whistled to their all but invisible mark. But before they could fire another round, the torpedo struck. The ship quivered, a tremor running through every plate and rivet: her stern shivered like the hind-quarters of a dog coming out of water. Then she was heaved upwards by some monstrous power beneath. A great spout of water rose, and a great flame leapt out of the ship's belly with a deafening roar, sending its licking tongues high in the midnight sky. And all this was simultaneous: the quiver, the heave, the spout, and the flame were all blended in one vast, hot, terrifying chaos. A second explosion followed, rending the ship to her very vitals. Guns, boats, men, all were flung into the air like leaves in a whirlwind: one of the steamboats was seen spinning like a blazing top a hundred feet up in the air. The great ship herself reeled over to port, hung awhile with her decks steep aslant, and then plunged with a terrible hiss and roar to the bottom. The spot where she had been was thick with men and *débris*, the awful flotsam of a torpedoed battleship now lit up by a searchlight's occasional gleam. The risk to other ships was too great at first to permit anything more than a momentary and fitful use of their welcome beams by

the destroyers and auxiliary craft hastening to the rescue. Death might still lurk in the dark corners of the land on either side. And so, until the screening patrols had swept the strait, a wholesome caution shrouded the life-saving operations in gloom. Even without the pall of darkness the night was eerie enough. The cries of the injured men suffering agonies in the ice-cold water rang hideously through the still air; and though the work of rescue was well and quickly done as the picket-boats and trawlers nosed their way about, death was too often too quick for them; and of those that lived, even with all the dispatch and skill of the rescuers, many a survivor suffered the tortures of the damned in a desperate struggle with the freezing cold and the still more freezing fear that in the confusion and darkness he would not be picked up.

Two hours later the last searchlight had swept the eddying surface, the last picket-boat had returned. The sudden danger had passed, leaving a wreck in its track: and the

Waters of Asia, westward-beating waves
Of estuaries, and mountain-warded straits,
Whose solitary beaches long had lost
The ashen glimmer of the dying day,
Listened in darkness to their own lone sound
Moving about the shores of sleep. . . .

II.

The following evening four officers sat at a bridge table in the deck smoking-room of an auxiliary lying in Mudros harbor. A burly merchant captain, wearing the woven stripes of a lieutenant-commander in the R.N.R.—the “tea-cosy” decoration, as a facetious merchant skipper once called it; his chief engineer, a good Scot, in great demand all over the harbor for his inexhaustible stock of yarns; a

lieutenant-commander, R.N., rescued ten days before from a torpedoed battleship, and now awaiting “disposal”; and a King’s messenger in the uniform of the Volunteer Reserve,—as well-mixed a foursome as ever played a hand. The call of war had brought them together from their vocations of peace and had dumped them temporarily in the good ship *Fauvette*, which was wont in happier times to ply a busy trade between London and Bordeaux. They had hardly dealt the cards for a second game when a movement on deck disturbed them, and before they could rise to ascertain the cause a troupe of strangely clad youngsters appeared at the door.

“May we come in, sir?” said one of them, who was, in sober truth, a “thing of shreds and patches.”

“Make yourselves at home, boys,” said the skipper, waving a chubby hand round the room.

A signalman entered with his pad, and handed it to the skipper.

“Gad! Of course,” he cried, “you’re the stowaways we’ve been expecting all day. Well, what’s it like being torpedoed?”

There was silence. None of these midshipmen was adept at public speech in the presence of unknown superiors. So for the moment the skipper’s question remained unanswered. As they settled in a group in the corner of the smoking-room they presented a fine study in motley. Every stitch on their backs had been borrowed from willing lenders. One waddled in the blue overalls of a benevolent but too burly friend; another looked like an example of record promotion, for there were three gold stripes half-concealed under the folded cuff of a sleeve that was a hand’s-length too long for the wearer; a third wore the tweeds of a war correspondent, who had doubtless exacted

"copy" as interest on the loan of his clothes; and the rest of them, in various ways, completed the picture of incongruity. But for all that they had passed through one of the greatest ordeals of war, they showed but little sign of strain or fatigue, and only asked whether they might have something to smoke and whether they could write home. Their needs were supplied; and the skipper repeated his question—

"Come on and tell us what it's like being torpedoed."

"It's always the same," broke in the lieutenant-commander at the card-table. "A frightful din: and a bit of a shake an' a heave, and then you're in the water. Your 'Gieve' does the rest. That's all there is to it."

"*I wish to God it was,*" said a new hollow voice at the door. "I was on watch when the damned thing struck us, and I was in the water among the bodies for a hell of a time; and if that's all you knew when your packet sank, you're lucky. Damned lucky!" he repeated slowly in a dull voice.

The figure in the doorway was at once familiar and strange, like that of a strong man grown suddenly wizened. He was visibly shrunken; and as he walked unsteadily across the room and sat down on a swivel-seat, he talked continuously but almost incoherently, half to himself and half to the watching group. The contrast between him and the unscathed midshipmen was very strong and unexpected. He and they had come from the same ship, passed through the same night of alarm, and been hauled out of the same cold waters by the same rescuing hands. The experience had set no mark upon the boys: yet in the grown man it had wrought such a sea-change as made one almost fear to look at him. His tanned cheeks were still brown, but it was a bloodless tint; and the lines that seamed his

face gave him a sepulchral look. His eyes alone were bright—too bright. The softer quality that makes the human eye so expressive was gone, and there remained a vivid stare as of eyes straining to see the invisible. There he was, in our company, but certainly not of it; for his brain was working and wandering whither we could not follow, and the words that came from his lips were the half-automatic expression of an absent mind. "Gimme a cig'ret," he said with the husky slurred articulation of a drunken man: and he sat puffing and biting the end of it into pulp. Then he would grip the short arms of his seat, start up and look downwards between his knees, and then sit down again with a look of shamed annoyance. He was clearly struggling to get away from something, and we were powerless to help.

We tried to distract him. The steward brought a tray loaded with sandwiches and drinks, which he refused. We were getting a little uneasy about our strange guest; the doctor whom the skipper had sent for was long in coming, and each renewal of our efforts to divert the patient failed. We gave him the "Bystander" and "Punch" but he was beyond the reach of Bairnsfather and George Morrow: we tried to draw him into a game at the table—poker, bridge, patience, anything—but he remained immovable.

At last the doctor, a thick-set bearded Fleet Surgeon, came and took charge, and reversed our procedure. Where we had been gentle, almost timid, he was rough. Where we had coaxed, he ordered. Where we had fumbled and faltered with the unknown, he acted with the confidence of experience. After a rapid examination and cross-examination, in the course of which he drew more from his victim in five minutes than we had extracted in an hour and more, he

hustled him below and packed him into a bunk with various aids to sleep which he did not specify. Then the Fleet Surgeon returned to the smoking-room.

"You're a bright lot," he said; "why didn't you put him to bed at once? He's absolutely done: but if he can sleep, he'll be all right soon. Never seen a man quite so worn out."

"Do you mean to say that he's only tired? He looked like going off his chump."

"So would you if your nerves had been living on shocks without any solid support. What he went through has got such a hold on him that until he's had a good twenty-four hours' sleep as a preliminary and a course of feeding up and regular sleep without any work to do after that, he won't quite know where he is. But I bet he's sitting up and taking nourishment this time tomorrow. He was on the verge of being a bad case, but we've caught him just in time."

The doctor was right. Our patient slept till midday next day, took a light meal and slept again till sunset. Then he awoke and dined; but in an hour he was asleep again. Clearly he had been put to bed at the psychological moment. By the following afternoon he was taking the air in a deck-chair, and ready—perhaps a little too ready, for his health—to talk about the sinking of his ship.

When the explosion occurred he was thrown clear of the ship on the star-board side. He was half-stunned, but his swimming waistcoat kept him afloat. The rest must be told in his own words.

"I don't know how long it was before I realized where I was: but it was

Blackwood's Magazine.

long enough to let me get pretty cold. You know what the water's like. I picked up two men close by me, still swimming, but pretty nearly done. Neither of them had belts on. One, I knew by his voice, was a ward-room steward. They hung on to me for a while, the "Gieve" keeping us all afloat so long as we made a bit of an effort ourselves. We could hear the picket-boats going about, and sometimes a searchlight picked us up; but nothing came near enough to rescue us. And before long one of the fellows hanging on to me began to groan and his teeth chattered. I told him to keep moving: but it was no good. He slipped off, and I never saw him again. That was bad enough: but when the other fellow's teeth began the same game, I got the creeps; but I couldn't save him, and after a few moments he went too. It was a ghastly feeling. The sudden silence, and the cold creeping right into me made me want to give up too: when suddenly I thought I had touched bottom. I tried to walk, but the thing I touched slipped away: and I realized with a shudder what it was. And after that I swear I must have touched a dozen of them before I was picked up. That's what knocked me out. But, I say, let's chuck it. I must get away from it."

He passed his hand over his face. The old troubled look came back: and for the moment I could see that, like Orestes pursued by the Furies, his spirit was haunted by the ghosts of the men whose bodies his feet had touched in the dark waters of the Hellespont. He had indeed suffered a sea-change: and the war was over for him.

R. N. V.

WAR AND PAIN.

I.

War like the present War, undertaken as a "desperate remedy for evils worse than itself," brings in its wake, unfortunately, loss and pain equally with wars undertaken from motives of national ambition on a colossal scale. Never, indeed, in the history of the world has "the great ravager" swept over such vast spaces with its hordes of suffering. In this country and that, we see waste tracks which it has decimated or defiled, depopulating them or leaving behind maimed and broken human life in place of what was vigorous and virile; the visible world shows gaps in its ranks as a majestic forest does when storm and lightning have had their way with it and brought down alike sapling and oak.

Who can wonder if there arises a murmur from the stricken nations and from those who, themselves standing outside the actual fray, keep vigil near or penetrate its boundaries with their charity? Conscious of what war means today, when it is waged under the sea and upon land and in the air at one and the same moment, there are those who ask, "How can these horrors be reconciled with Christianity? What can the Christian apologist urge to extenuate war?"

Christianity—the one perfect balance—can gauge precisely the worth of those incorporeal attributes which tend to make all that is worth having in an individual or a nation. The Church of Christ, always strong for peace, discriminates between war that is just and war that is unjust, and throws in the scale the magnificent eternal principles—Honor, Truth, Loyalty, Justice. From earliest ages she has blessed warriors taking part in combat undertaken "in the interests

of justice." "The injury received or the danger to be averted must," however, "be genuine, and, moreover, bear some proportion to the evils that war necessarily involves," says a writer, whose small penny pamphlet* on this subject, within the reach of all, contains more sound facts than many a more exhaustive and expensive volume. "Thus, the end in view should not only be good, the assertion or defense of some real right, but it should be an occasion of great consequence to the nation, such as a grievous violation of the country's honor or material interests, serious breach of treaty obligations, assistance given to the nation's enemies, or, again, a duty imposed by considerations of humanity, as the giving help to another nation unduly oppressed. . . . War must really be as it has often been called, *ultima ratio regum*—the final argument when others have been tried and failed. . . ." Again, "for the community as for the individual, there are certain goods which may rightly be reckoned more precious than life. Consequently, national life may be risked to preserve them." . . . "If a State has a real right to a thing of relative importance and war is the *only* method by which that right can be preserved, then the vindication of justice by force, the securing, that is, of a moral good by the infliction of a physical evil, is not only just but may be binding on conscience."† "No Christian can deny that there have been occasions, and there might be other occasions, when war is not only necessary but right," said Robert Hugh Benson in an impassioned sermon delivered two years before the outbreak of the present

**Christianity and War*, J. Keating.

†*Primer of Peace and War*, edited by O. Plater.

war, "no one in the possession of reason would say that war is the worst of all evils. . . . There are times when war is the only escape—when civilization is threatened by barbarism, when society is endangered by anarchy, when those great eternal principles of love and justice are at stake. If there is no way in which they can be saved except by war, then by war let them be saved!"

Christianity *qua* Christianity detests war, but Christianity holds war lawful under these conditions, and herself waged it "Hollily" in the Middle Ages, first to vindicate her right to visit the Holy Places and then in the attempt to recover the sacred land from the Saracens. There has been at least one writer of verse who has seen in our victims of the present war the spirit—albeit unconscious—of the old Crusaders.

You took the Cross altho' you didn't
show it,
'Twas graven on a heart and not a
shield;
'Twas for the Cross, altho' you didn't
know it,
You mocked the horrors of the bloody
field.

You were but one: there were a host of
others
Who found full manhood—when the
trumpet blew;
Unconsciously you felt they were your
brothers,
Nor knew that God was calling them
and you.

I mean, you didn't hear the voices
calling,
You simply followed as the Spirit led;
And when you saw them all about you
falling
You didn't know it was for Christ they
bled.

Duty impelled you, and you never
faltered—
There was no need for her to whisper
twice;

The end you saw not—no, nor would
have altered—
You took the Cross and made the
sacrifice.*

But in spite of high incentive, the pain and suffering—moral, mental, and physical—which war compels (however time and circumstance may lessen its poignancy) touches in transit innumerable lives and stretches in the present instance so incalculably far, that in view of it many have felt the shock of an assault upon the very stronghold of their faith in God. The waters of Marah have broken all bounds and changed the face of the landscape; sweeping barriers away, obliterating landmarks, lengthening out and widening amongst the nations until scarcely a window but views, at least from an angle, that red and shining flood. We cannot escape it; we can neither shut our ears to the turmoil of that surging torrent nor blind our eyes to the actual mangled wreckage which it casts up at the threshold of our own homes.

The most sincere disciple of a Gospel of Negation which denies the existence of pain must surely yield some of its dear beliefs in view of the evidence of his normal senses in the present crisis. Even the least imaginative must realize that physical nerves and muscles are not lacerated, that limbs are not torn off bodily, nor flesh stabbed nor bone splintered without commensurate suffering. In the streets today the sight of men who have lost one limb or more, blind men, men paralyzed through shock, who are disfigured for life, is frequent. With whatever dumb courage our brothers face this ravage of their "lovely youth," each individual one has had to brace himself, not only physically, but mentally, to adjust the powers of his other members, to adjust his whole view of life, to the new conditions. To put the

*The Spectator, April 1st, 1916.

matter baldly, life for him never can be "*the same*" again. Realization such as this, inevitable though it be and part of a process which simply cannot be understood if it is looked at from its material significance alone, is achieved only at tremendous cost. It comes within the experience, not of "*the chosen*," but the average, man—not of the experienced thinker only, but of the raw boy. Fortuitously, some would say, both alike summarily are called upon to pour

. . . out the red
Sweet wine of youth; give up the years
to be
Of work and joy.

Living sacrifices, if ever living sacrifices were, though too few look upon them in that light.

But war causes indirect as well as direct suffering, too. Days of outward mourning in face of world-wide loss are more limited than they once were, since the *morale* of a nation demands that its signs of external bereavement should be as few as possible. But to the sensitive the atmosphere of streets and byways is charged today with something different from that which saturated it two years ago. He who looks straight into the eyes of Death or pain and turns them away again, only to meet pain or Death, has come insistently upon real and tremendous things. Even unconscious pose sloughs from him, for a time at least, with that experience. He has been caught up into the blinding light of truth. And direct contact with truth leaves traces upon all but shallow persons, whether it come in the form of spoken word or actual experience. Truth carries conviction as nothing else in the world does.

But because no man may go with another in the wet way of pain without having his own feet stained, nor

share the burden unless his own shoulder bends to the load and his back muscles give to the strain, it follows that something "*goes out*" from him mystically in the process—that once more, as so often happens in life, the surface view of love or friendship covers loss and gain in a far deeper sense. Love is spiritually as well as physically the great creative force. It empties itself in giving, and new capacity of giving flows afresh in its veins. All love has in it exquisite capacity for pain; all pain has in it exquisite capacity for love. "*L'amour a fait la douleur et la douleur a fait l'amour.*" "Behind sorrow there is always a soul," says a writer who plumbed an abyss of sin as well as sorrow. "The essential difference between one man and another lies in this—that the one feels more than the other," taught Ruskin. To say that "the little cup that is made to hold so much can hold so much and no more, though all the purple vats of Burgundy be filled with wine to the brim, and the treaders stand knee-deep in the gathered grapes of the stony vineyards of Spain," is to amplify that philosophy. Pain today is continually being poured into goblets, some of which overflow after the first few drops. But if they can hold and contain it, the liquid flame within them glows like the heart of an opal.

Pain is, and Suffering; imminent, tangible, widespread. To watch the beloved in agony is to tread the way of his human passion as surely as the Mother of God did when she saw her Son die upon the Cross. We cannot evade pain; it must be met. It brings in its train, in most cases, the strange composure which comes with nearly every vast experience. There is calm in the supreme moment of love fulfilled; there is silence, as a rule, in the room where the dead lies, wrapped in the mantle of kings; there

is a mystical hush at the culminating moment of the Mass. Feeling, once it is great enough, compels the senses to a kind of involuntary quiescence by sheer force of its strength. In face of it the will sets itself, rigid, with two alternatives before it. There is the Pagan view, there is the Christian view, to choose as the foundation upon which a man may rear his fortress of defense against Pain's attack.

II.

For such as see in Paganism at its best, with the present writer, an embryo stream which was, little by little, to force its way outwards until it opened into, and was at once made part of and absorbed in the great Sea of Christianity, all that was fine and enduringly noble in that driving force which impelled men to many immortal acts of glory will show clear. The light on the waters shone out in the darkest ages; heroes bathed there and poured out their life-blood by its banks. There was in the Pagan attitude a magnificent fortitude, an almost invincible courage in face of bodily torment. Zeno the philosopher bit his tongue off that in the extremity of torture the names of his comrades might not be forced from him. To shrink from pain was contemptible; even to inflict it upon self was good, since pain brought wisdom, eminently to be desired of man; lasting dishonor was the part of him who failed under its test. Love of country stirred the Pagans to a degree difficult to realize nowadays, when we are many of us ashamed to admit how deep, how intimate are the ties which bind us to the Motherland. For the honor of the country they lived, for the honor of the country they fell, their dearest hope "to set a crown of imperishable glory on the land." "If to die nobly is the chief part of excellence, to us out of all men For-

tune gave this lot, for hastening to set a crown of freedom on Hellas, we lie possessed of praise that grows not old," is the epitaph of the Athenian dead at Platea. "O passer-by tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here awaiting their orders," cry dying Spartans at Thermopylae. The Greek spirit at its loftiest is embodied in Cæditiæ's words to his men before he sent them into action: "Soldiers, it is necessary for us to go, but it is not necessary for us to return."

Here are all manner of high qualities—composure, unflinching determination, a solemn dedication, as it were, of the individual life to the common cause. Eternal qualities these, going far to make a high ideal, though not the highest—something at least immeasurably loftier than the new Paganism which before the war was spreading so insidiously in England, and gathering disciple upon disciple into its ranks. Early Pagans did kneel before the altars of gods, false though they were; modern Pagans merely worship images of themselves. We can afford generously to obliterate memories of the darkest aspect of Paganism, its cruelty, its excesses, its necromancy, and, looking only at the best side of it, see that we have something far better.

The Pagan view of Pain as compared with the Christian view is as limited as is the vision of a man who relies upon his naked eyesight when looking at a landscape compared with that of one who uses a telescope, and so has distant objects brought within his direct range. The Pagan, to contain his indomitable soul, erected a citadel, the thickness of whose walls deadened his cry of agony. But the Christian, accepting pain instead of combating or denying it, relies not at all upon the strength of any artificial fortress. He makes of pain mystical wings to lift him to unknown dimen-

sions, to soar above the highest power of the strongest prison built within the memory of man.

"I was not, I came to be; I was, I am not; that is all, and who shall say more will lie; I shall not be," says the Pagan. But the Christian: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. . . . And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be but pure grain. . . . God giveth it a body. . . . It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

Everything in the Christian attitude gives spiritual vitality. "*L'artiste païen faisait tout du dehors, et nous faisons tout de par dedans, comme les abeilles, et comme l'âme faite pour le corps: rien n'est inerte, tout vit. . . . Tout est action de grâces.*" Pain borne by another rouses in its spectator a burning love of humanity; it wrenches the soul abruptly free from self. We literally cannot look upon the thousand signs of suffering about us without seeing that if we are at all to help the sufferers we must suffer too. "Suffer with: suffer alongside." The instinct of the inmost heart is to demand some kindred experience to bridge the chasm between health and disablement. Not shame, not patriotism even, not the call of the State to economize, bids us strip ourselves of our little luxuries and amusements, but love in its most selfless form. We do not even want to have as much as we once had when those about us, strangers though they be, are so piteously shorn of all that makes bare outward existence easy and comfortable. Our inner view of life alters with the external metamorphosis; the character of our very wants changes, so that what we thought of as essential less than two years ago literally has now no value at all. Not to give up, not to suffer,

to make no sacrifice of whatever it costs us most to renounce, would be the one intolerable thing. We must offer something better than money (though money from him who can give it is urgently needed too) if we would lastingly help those who have become maimed and broken on our behalf to spare us from the pressure of the enemy's heel upon our necks.

Christianity, always sane and coherent, prevents the torrent of emotion from spending itself aimlessly, and directs it to a given end. (The barriers of Christianity are never raised except with this intention.) Every common duty fulfilled, however humdrum, it teaches, every individual sacrifice, large or small, can severally be offered mystically for the beloved, so that whether or no he is humanly conscious of it, mystical love will buoy him as the sea buoys the wearied swimmer who floats upon its waves. Every accomplished action, every prayer, every moment of your day, if such is your intention, may go towards this end and so take shining meaning and purpose.

This golden secret of love, known to mystics from earliest ages, has been the motive force of countless lives which we, in our ignorance, misunderstood or criticised as selfish. Vicarious love shines through the iron framework of every grille that confronts us in a convent. The surrender of what we think of as essentials by Carmelites, Poor Clares, Trappists, and so forth, to mention a few only of the Enclosed Orders (and the same rule applies to all who follow the call of religious vocation), are made far less for love of their own soul's welfare than of ours. They are living acts of contrition for our negligence. They do for the sinner, the indifferent man, and for the tired and suffering man, too, what he dare not, or will not, or cannot do for himself. They make the supreme

renunciation of "rarer gifts than gold," that we whose faith is frail and insecure may still win Heavenwards on waves of prayer. Yet we wonder at their serenity and peace, forgetting that to give and give again, and only urge that more still should be given, is the supreme largesse of love.

Not in such feebleness of heart
We play our solitary part;
Not fugitives of battle, we
Hide from the world, and let things
be:

But rather, looking over earth,
Between the bounds of death and birth,
And sad at heart, for sorrow and sin,
We wondered where might help begin.
And on our wonder came God's choice,
A sudden light, a clarion voice,
Clearing the dark, and sounding clear:
And we obeyed—behold us, here!
In prison bound but with your chains,
Sufferers, but of alien pains. . . .
Careless you live and die, but we
Care in your stead, for Calvary.

Vicarious suffering, then, is a definite stage in the vast illuminative process of pain. Christianity is vision. It sees the facts of life not only as they show now, but as they may show hereafter.

Le bois ou l'on a mis le feu ne donne
pas de la cendre seulement mais
une flamme aussi.

Dieu est avare et ne permet qu'aucune
créature soit allumée sans qu'un
peu d'impuretés'y consume, . . .

La sienne, ou celle qui l'entoure,
comme la braise de l'encensoir
qui l'attise!

Christianity's strong light, if it dawned upon us all at once in its entirety, would dazzle or blind us. So mercifully it penetrates us by degrees. Feebly we blink and peer at it at first between the interstices of our fingers, like little children when the nursery blinds are first drawn up in the morning. Presently we stumble to the window, and clear in that shining vista

we see Pain flowing onward like a river straight to God. . . . So out into the open, where upon the river that little skiff is moored which we must enter soon or late. . . .

Paradox though it may appear, it is a divine fact that the more hampered and tied the human body the more swiftly and straightly may the soul speed to its goal. Here, again, when we look into it, is sweet reasonableness and logic. The most finite mind realizes that he who really loves another tries not only to follow in his footsteps, but to walk with him, so that through continual close contact and intimacy he may come to resemble his ideal. If Christianity means anything at all, it means that with the knowledge of Christ comes the Love of Christ. How, then, can we even hope closely to follow, still less to become like, Him Who was called the Man of Sorrows, Who suffered acutely not only in every separate limb upon the Cross, but mentally in Gethsemane, unless we too endure both physical and mental pain?

"The wonder grows that Christians can ever say, not only 'Why should I suffer this or that?' but 'Why should I suffer so?' as though the better the Christian the less he might be expected to suffer. . . . The more Christ's Life is ours the more is suffering bound to be ours. If indeed we think ourselves to be serving Christ and do not suffer, then should astonishment begin. . . . With this primal fact of our incorporation with Our Lord goes its complementary truth that we are one each with the other, and that if His Suffering is in a true sense ours, our suffering has become, since it is mystically His, vicarious and redemptive. Christian suffering is not sterile. There is no hint in Christianity of suffering for its own sake. . . . " * But accepted pain, pain

* *With Dyed Garments*, C. C. Martindale.

"taken aright," borne first without resentment and ultimately willingly, almost visibly lifts man from mortal surroundings to immortal ones. To God's calendar of Saints there have been added innumerable names since War began. . . .

"Est ce que le but de la vie est de vivre? Est ce que les pieds des enfants de Dieu seront attachés à cette terre misérable? Il n'est pas de vivre mais de mourir, et non point de charpenter la croix mais d'y monter, et de donner ce que nous avons en riant!"

So Paul Claudel, the poet-dramatist, whose vision, whose "profound logic" admits him to "the small company of the truly great, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare," in the critic's eyes.

"Granting a soul of royal quality, Pain all but infallibly must perfect it."* "Acts of the intellect and heart cannot come near the objective value of a will that is being tested by pain, and simply holds on. . . . These living crucifixes stand clear altogether of that wrangling world of controversy
The Fortnightly Review.

in which we ourselves dispute, . . . extensions of Christ crucified."* Every separate soul of whom this can be said has earned the splendid right to echo St. Paul's words, "I fill up those things that are wanting in the sufferings of Christ."

In this, the Catholic view of Pain, then, Pain shows even to eyes blinded with tears as something which contains an almost incomparable power of spiritual development and growth, and he who accepts it mystically passes stage by stage through the first process of initiation into the understanding of discipleship, when, crippled and helpless though he be, he still may "walk with" no other than Christ, in closest union, even here on earth.

All which I took from thee I did but take

Not for thy harms,

But just that thou might'st seek it in
My arms.

All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee
at home.

Rise, clasp My Hand, and come.

May Baleman.

THE REHABILITATION OF PRIVATE HAGAN.

By "MAJOR, R.A.M.C."

Private Timothy Hagan, of "D" Company, extracted a box of matches from his pocket, mechanically lighted a seasoned briar pipe, and sought inspiration from the log roof of the dugout.

The last of the enemy's usual evening salvo of shells screamed above the tree-tops and burst harmlessly in a stubble field. Hagan did not move. The announcement that the evening meal was ready equally failed to interest him.

The dugout, efficiently constructed of sand-bags, logs, and earth, was just

*Martindale's *Life of Benson*.

large enough for the accommodation of two improvised beds and blankets. Private Sawyer, the normal occupant of the other half, was at the moment busy in the kitchen outside beneath the trees. It was seclusion that Hagan courted, not protection.

Presently, Sawyer, his face smoke-begrimed and heated, thrust his head over a sand-bag parapet.

"Tea ready, cocky," he cried.

"Phwat's the good ov thay?" grunted Hagan, dropping his pipe listlessly.
"Fed up!"

Sawyer's eyes dilated in speechless

*Robert Hugh Benson.

surprise. His rapid scrutiny of his pal's downcast features failed to help.

"'Ullo, what's wrong, hey?" he asked, wiping his face with the back of his hand and dropping into the trench. "Can't yer high-class stomach relish bully-beef no more? What's wrong with it?"

Without answering in words Timothy slipped his hand into the breast pocket of his tunic, produced a much-thumbed envelope, and slowly unfolded a letter. The sight of the irregular writing seemed to have an immediate tonic effect upon his demeanor. His eyes suddenly became suffused with red-blood anger. (He had learned the habit in more than one barbed-wire scrimmage against the enemy.) Clenching his fists, he cursed beneath his breath, thoughtfully, with intent.

"H'm!" grunted Sawyer sympathetically.

"There's a blighter at home," stammered Hagan, "phwat is afeared to do his bit out here"—he hesitated as if to swallow pent-up gorge—"of the name of O'Shea—a damned thaivin' grocer. The letter says as how he's afther walking out wid Kitty Murphy, as is promised to meself."

"Ugh, a woman is it?" breathed Sawyer.

"And me not able to get me hands on him," groaned Hagan. "'Tis perishin' hard."

The sharp explosions of anti-aircraft shells in rapid succession overhead caused Sawyer to glance upwards. Shading his eyes with his hand, he shook his head in disappointment at the marksmanship displayed, and slipped back again into a sitting posture.

"What abhart leave 'ome?" he inquired. "The captain says as 'ow each of us is to 'ave a turn—in doo course."

"Bah!" ejaculated Hagan contemptuously. "We all knows phwat in

doo course mains." Meditatively refolding his letter, he consigned it again to its inner pocket. "There ain't no proper foighting now naither—nothin' but scrappin' phwat doesn't even kape the blood wharm in yez veins." Striking a match on the heel of his boot, he stared into space and forgot to use it. "I be afther thinkin', Jock, it is now that I could be sphared, or not at all."

"Wot's wimmin to you now, anyway? 'Tis different with the married blokes," murmured Sawyer. "Won't we both be killed in doo course?"

"We will that," agreed Hagan. "But, all the same, I could not lie happy loike widout I be afther settlin' first wid the grocer."

For some seconds Sawyer did not speak. In the cool calm of the autumn evening there arose before him the memory of a dozen little wayside cemeteries marked by stereotyped plain wooden crosses—the British soldier's humble badge of honor won. With a whimsical smile upon his lips he wondered vaguely where his own resting-place would lie.

"Ye see, Jock," persisted Hagan, "'tisn't as if I was much wanted here just now."

Sawyer, turning suddenly, stared hard at his friend's bronzed countenance, noted the stern-set jaw, and ceased sucking his pipe. He had learned to read Tim Hagan's moods with the accuracy of much practice in the course of many devious wanderings.

"Humph! Wot's the bloomin' plan of campaign?" he demanded. "Sneakin' be'ind mud'eaps, or fightin' in the open?"

Hagan mechanically refilled his pipe and rammed down the tobacco with mature deliberation. An indefinite hum of voices near the company cooking-pots and the sharp bark of a French 75-gun in the near distance

accentuated the seclusion of the dug-out. A dull crimson glow of sunset irradiated a cloudless skyline. To the rear of the wood the lowing of a cow sounded strangely out of place. On the left, cutting the winding line of trenches, lay the long, straight, deserted, *pavé* road leading to the German lines. The scene, through many days of comparative stagnation, had grown contemptuously familiar.

"I'm sick," said Hagan, "tomorrow morning as iver is."

Sawyer, gurgling in a characteristic manner meant to denote mirth, shook his head.

"Sick is it?" he commented. "Wot's the complaint, matey? Some 'as fits; others injures their trigger fingers; some 'as lost their glasses and can't see nothink; some breakes their false teeth and gets shoekin' pains from the hard biscuits; some 'as pains in the kidneys; some 'as a narsty corph. 'Taint the season for corphs." Rubbing his nose with the back of a begrimed finger, he relapsed into thought. "Some 'as a buzzin' in the 'ead wot nothink can cure. Some"—looking serious, he suddenly ended in a grunt—" 'Tain't good enough, Tim, me lad, even for the pleasure of punchin' the 'ead of a stinkin' grocer. You see if you only get a few days in 'orspital, back you come again. If you're took serious, 'ome you goes and stays there for a long time and misses everythink 'ere." Gripping Hagan's arm with highly strung fingers, he leaned nearer. "You ain't goin' to schrimshank at 'ome if a big push comes, old pal, are you?"

Hagan's jaw clenched and his lips moved speechlessly. Then once more he drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to his friend.

"Read that!" he said. "I'm goin' home."

Sawyer's face assumed a sphinx-like gravity. He knew the proverbial

strength of obstinacy, also the amount of that commodity possessed by Tim Hagan. He smoothed out the paper and sniffed violently. A faint perfume of cheap scent permeated the immediate atmosphere. With a grunt, he proceeded to master the contents of the epistle. So slowly did he progress, however, that presently even Hagan began to show signs of impatience. Sawyer was, in truth, merely gaining time for thought.

"If you're caught out malingerin' on active service, Tim," he whispered at length, "it won't be only seven days 'confined to barracks' you will be gettin' off with."

With eyes bent upon the crimson skyline, Hagan sighed wearily.

" 'Tis goin' home I be, Jock," he repeated. "I'll be afther marryin' Kitty Murphy, and thin me sickness will all go and back it is I'll come."

With a groan of despair Sawyer crawled to his feet and, without another word, walked off in the direction of a ruined château. He knew there was no immediate urgency. For ordinary cases of illness the ambulance wagon would not arrive until the morning. He, therefore, still had all night in which to formulate a plan of operations. It was, of course, open to him to drop a hint to the R.A.M.C. orderly, but that would have to be a *dernier ressort* indeed.

Left to himself, Hagan brooded more sombrely than before. The regulations regarding reporting sick were perfectly familiar to him. For a serious case the medical officer could be summoned within a few minutes. The Field Ambulance advanced dressing-station, located in a school-house in the nearest village, was not more than a mile away. Weighing the matter in all its visible points, he suddenly decided that the rôle of an emergency case would better fit his purpose than that of the ordinary

sick soldier reporting at the sealed-pattern hour.

To determine was to act. Smearing the perspiration of undue thought from his forehead, he buttoned his tunic, looked hastily about the interstices of the sand-bags of the dugout for small valued possessions, and slipped out beneath the shelter of the trees.

The area lying between the wood and the village where the Field Ambulance had located its post was alive with troops. The *pavé* of the road, upheaved by continuous traffic and an occasional shell, was not a healthy place for evening exercise, but there was no order against it. The danger of being shot during the journey had long become a negligible quantity. A church tower, shell-riddled and tottering, was the landmark. Behind it Hagan knew he should find the red-cross flag hanging limply from its pole.

Women, with a horse and cart gathering the wheat in a field on his left, glanced up with pleasant smile of greeting as he passed. The orderlies filling a regimental water-cart at the village pump took no notice of him whatever. Presently, reaching the shadows of the church, he began to walk slower, then halted. He felt as if he needed a moment in which to pull himself together. So far in his life his histrionic sense had never been tested. It is notorious that even experienced actors occasionally suffer from stage fright.

A couple of R.A.M.C. orderlies, leaning against the door-post beneath the red-cross flag, presently noticed a soldier staggering towards them and blindly clutching at the empty air. In normal times their unanimous diagnosis would have been "beer." They knew, however, that in the firing line such could not be.

Hagan, squinting between half-closed eyelashes, staggered another ten

yards, embraced one of the orderlies round the neck, slid limply to the ground, and, breathing heavily, lay quite still.

In a moment a stretcher was at hand; within a minute the patient was inside the building. There were only half a dozen other men to share it with him, as the evening evacuation of sick and wounded to the Clearing Hospital had already taken place.

"What's wrong, matey?" questioned one of the orderlies, holding a pannikin of soup to the patient's lips. "Here, drink this. Wake up. Can you hear me?"

With a shudder Hagan opened his eyes, and, half-rising to his feet, glared about him. Rolls of wool and bandages, trays of surgical instruments, splints, buckets, and basins surrounded him upon all sides.

"Ah—the hospital!" he muttered. "I remimber now. It is afther faintin' I be."

"H'm—lie down!" advised the orderly, pushing him back on the stretcher. "I will call the medical officer. Perhaps he'll give you a tot of brandy."

"Begob, and I'm all roight, me bhoi," asserted Hagan, with well-assumed eagerness to depart. "Give me only foive—or maybe 'tin—minutes' rest and a sip av whater."

The orderly gave the water, but, none the less, called his officer. Meanwhile Hagan, with shut eyes, summoned to his aid all medical knowledge, real and spurious, that had ever crossed his path of life. The rôle he had assigned to himself was extremely difficult. Whatever else might be imaginary, the beads of perspiration bedewing his forehead were certainly genuine enough. In order to fool a man successfully one requires to know something of his mental attitude towards the subject in hand. What a medico's mind might contain, or what pitfalls it was necessary to beware of

in dealing with him, were points that suddenly assailed the wretched Tim with terrifying force. In fact, had the R.A.M.C. officer not arrived within a few moments, it is probable that fear of superior wisdom would have driven the schemer forth from the building.

"Well, my man, what is the matter?" asked the officer, feeling his patient's pulse. "Fainted, hey?"

"Yes, sir," asserted the orderly. "Fell into my arms."

Hagan, opening his eyes slowly, shook his head from side to side, noisily blew out his cheeks, and "marked time." Adjusting a stethoscope, the officer examined his chest, grunted, and ordered his temperature to be taken. That the result would be negative Hagan knew only too well. Consequently, it seemed obvious that it behooved him to make the next move.

"Terrible buzzin' in me head, sor," he breathed.

"Ah—quite so. Rest and light diet. Overstrain. Perhaps you will be all right again by morning."

Emboldened by an initiatory success, Hagan ventured upon driving the nail still deeper.

"Lost' all feelin's in me legs, sor," he added, with a groan. "It—er—has been comin' on, sor, for a week; but it wasn't loikin' to go sick I was."

The medico, with newly awakened interest, bent his eyes upon the man's face and silently observed the movements of his rolling head and eyes. Hagan, gradually ceasing his gyrations, at length opened his eyes and met the doctor's absorbed gaze. It was at that moment—had he but known it—that he sorely needed all the knowledge available regarding his interrogator. The latter was by nature a silent man, but that did not interfere with his power of absorbing

details and piecing them together with uncanny accuracy.

"A pin, sir?" suggested the orderly.

"What for?" asked the officer blandly.

"Thought, perhaps, you wanted to test his feelings, sir," explained the zealot.

"No—er—that is, not tonight," answered the officer, suppressing a half-smile beneath his mustache. "We will see what a night's rest can do."

As he watched the tall figure of the doctor sauntering out of the room, Hagan experienced a sensation of acute alarm. In the presence of the calm assurance of this man of few words he felt that he had slipped up somewhere. But where? Loss of all feeling in the legs was surely a good effort! Glancing at the orderly, he noticed the man smiling in a peculiar manner as his officer disappeared from sight. An orderly's knowledge has its limitations, even if a doctor's has not. The more thought he gave to it the more suspicious did he feel, and a guilty conscience did not assist matters.

Soup and biscuits were served out for supper. Tim Hagan could have absorbed both with relish. He felt, however, that such diet might not be good for buzzing in the head—and said so. The night orderly, indifferent to arguments, deposited the food on a box by his side and departed. The fact, however, that all the articles of diet had disappeared by morning was by no means lost upon the day orderly when he returned to duty at the hour of breakfast.

During the silent watches of the night Hagan had time to think of many things. He decided that he did not like the look of the medical officer, nor, indeed, did he know what to make of the orderly. Could he have fought them hand to hand, he would have known exactly where he

was. In this subtle, silent contest of brains he was beginning to writhe against an invisible foe which seemed to be closing in upon him more surely with every tick of his watch. A change of diagnosis seemed advisable. But, with his scanty repertoire of diseases, the point was none too easy. In fact, when the officer unexpectedly stood by his side, he was still so undecided, that closed eyes and immobility seemed the path of least resistance.

"Well, Private Hagan, how are you this morning?" inquired the officer shaking him by the shoulder.

What the answer to the question was Timothy did not know. He conceded a point, however, by opening his eyes.

The question being repeated with emphasis, an inspiration gripped him. In a flash his line of country seemed to open out before him. The dizziness in the head had led to complications.

"Can't hear," he blurted.

"Ah!" commented the persecutor, raising his eyebrows. "Deaf, are you? That's bad." Perceptibly dropping his voice, he studied his victim's face. "H'm—I wonder what degree of deafness. Which is the worst ear?"

With praiseworthy presence of mind, Hagan resisted the impulse to answer. Staring blankly at the ceiling, he made no sign.

Stepping a pace nearer, the officer spoke louder. Hagan still made no voluntary response, but the perspiration upon his face attested to the physical effort.

From the psychological standpoint the doctor was intensely amused. That Private Timothy Hagan was a clumsy malingerer, pure and simple, he had no doubt. To prove such a negative condition however is quite another matter. If proved, the offense meant a court-martial. As an officer it was his duty to conceal no

crime which could be proved. He was interested, but had little time just then for fancy cases. Hagan's facial expression of struggling conjecture condemned him, morally, beyond a doubt, but the production of the self-same expression before the members of a court-martial could hardly be guaranteed.

It was a six-inch German shell that solved the situation for the moment. Dropping three hundred yards from the dressing-station in the middle of the village street it exploded with a roar which smashed every pane of glass in the building. A second quickly followed. The R.A.M.C. staff, expectant of they knew not what, stood listening. Hagan, feeling the eyes of the medical officer upon him, did not move a muscle.

"One to you," murmured the officer to himself. "I don't believe a word of it all the same." Turning on his heel, he winked to the orderly and with well-assumed indifference strode to the far end of the room.

The orderly, quickly stepping round to the head of Hagan's stretcher, needed no further instructions. With book and pencil in hand, he appeared to be engaged upon his ordinary duty of taking names for the Clearing Hospital.

"What's your number, matey?" he asked quickly.

The wretched competitor, breathing heavily after his recent mental tension, had dropped his guard.

"4179," he answered promptly.

"Thank you!" remarked a bland voice from the doorway.

To state that Hagan could have kicked himself for his stupidity, is to put the case mildly. Conscious that no words of his could possibly regain lost ground, he stared blankly at the accusing face of the officer.

"It's all up, matey," whispered the orderly, indulging in an open guffaw.

"Thin I may as well be afther gettin' on me bhoots," remarked the culprit quietly, rising to his feet. "You've bin done down, Tim, my bhoy, and there ain't no manner av use in kickin'."

What happened next in that little school-house, as regards points of detail, has never been actually recorded. That a deafening explosion resembling the noise of the end of all things earthly, accompanied by the caving in of the brickwork of the side of the room, and followed by the collapse of most of the roof, took place at that moment are facts of history.

"It has come at last," groaned the doctor. "Thank God, there are only a few men in the building."

A second later, a tottering rafter, swaying beneath its weight of tiles, fell with a sickening crash and buried him beneath its ruins.

In an instant all had become chaos.

Whatever the damage done, it was probably at an end. Hagan appreciated that much immediately. That he himself remained unhurt was a miracle. The orderly, holding both hands to his head, lay like a log on the floor. Several stretchers, with their occupants, lay buried beneath the débris of brick and plaster.

"A fifteen-inch begob!" exclaimed Hagan, seizing the orderly by the shoulders and dragging him into the open air.

The atmosphere outside was still reeking with heavy black smoke and dust. A cavern in the road, large enough to conceal a motor-bus, yawned in his path. The heat of action was upon him. Handing over the orderly to other hands, he did not hesitate. There were wounded men to be rescued. At any moment a second shell might follow the first, or more walls might fall. A feeble, muffled call for help, emanating from the very center of the wreckage, ar-

rested his attention. He knew that bland, cool voice only too well. The available orderlies were already struggling to remove the wounded and unearth their officer.

Hagan dashed forward. He was a strong man, and in the best of condition. Without argument he took command.

To remove the smaller masses of mortared brick was the work of but a few moments. The men worked at fever heat. The cries from beneath grew feebler, almost ceased. It was the weight of long rafters which formed the main obstruction. Without axes or saws, its removal might be a matter of hours.

Wiping the sweat from his face, Hagan set his teeth and urged on his party to final effort. But their combined strength was without avail to clear the rafters. The victim beneath seemed nearing suffocation with every breath he drew.

Hagan could see only one way, and he took it.

Throwing himself on his face, he insinuated his head beneath the rafters, and by herculean efforts forced his shoulders to follow. Tearing away the loose stuff with his hands, whilst the orderlies endeavored to ease the weight above him, he at length was able to gauge the situation accurately. A great beam lay across the chest of the officer, whose body supported it.

Tim Hagan sweated in an agony as he looked. He had seen hundreds of men killed in action, but to see his late persecutor being slowly crushed to death before his eyes was more than he could bear.

From outside the cries of men with axes reached him. Immediate action, however, was what was wanted. An instant's thought, a whispered, guttural prayer, and he proceeded with his task.

Rolling with difficulty upon his

back, he wriggled himself, inch by inch, close up beside his now silent antagonist, and with all the strength in his body pressed upwards until he managed to relieve the pressure on the other's chest. Inch by inch he shoved the unconscious man aside and replaced the latter's body by his own. Then, with ears at acutest tension, he listened to the crash of the axes and wondered how long he could last—how long it would take him to die.

* * * * *

Two weeks later, Private Timothy Hagan, propped up in bed, lay in a hospital at the base. Presently an R.A.M.C. officer, obviously also more or less convalescent, entered the ward by means of a wheeled chair and looked about him. Hagan, catching the visitor's eye, flushed deeply, laboriously drew a long breath, and turned away his head. The next minute, the officer, having given an order to the orderly pushing his chair, was at Hagan's side. A word to the orderly and the two wounded men were alone.

"I have come, Hagan, to thank you for my life," said the officer.

Hagan nervously rubbed his forehead. The Cornhill Magazine.

head with his hand, moved his lips as if framing unspoken words, and drew a deep inspiration.

"'Twasn't cowardice, sor," he breathed at last. "'Twas naught but a little gurl at home phwat drew me."

"Cowardice! You! You're one of the pluckiest men I have ever seen. What do you mean?"

"I main, sor, whin I was schrim-shankin'."

"Sh—sh, my man! That little matter is all forgotten."

"Yez did have me beat, sor," persisted Hagan, with a flash of humor in his eyes. "'Twas too cliver for me you was, sor. 'Twas the orderly hit me below the belt. He took me unbeknownst, sor."

With a light laugh, the medical officer placed his hand upon the brawny fist of the man beside him.

"You will get home to see your girl after all, Hagan—in your own way—and I am glad," he said.

"Is it to be quits then, sor?"

"Yes—we will call it that," agreed the officer. "For the time being, we are quits. Later, I will repay you what is over—if I ever can."

THE GREEK ENTANGLEMENTS.

To understand the policy of the Allies in Greece during the past fortnight we must remember that their attitude is negative and defensive. They are not trying to impel the Greek nation to take up arms on their side. They have always said of Greece, as of other neutrals, that this is a matter which she must decide for herself. They are concerned only to secure two things—first, that her action should, in accordance with the Constitution of which they are guarantors, be that of the Greek people, and not that of a narrow Court clique;

secondly, that it should not be calculated to menace or hinder their own military operations. If they had fully secured the first, the second would have followed; for there can be no doubt that the masses of the Greek people were, and except in the centers where German gold has been most active still are, strongly on the side of France, Russia, and Great Britain.

The decisive, though not the initial, stage in the country's divorce from its Constitution was King Constantine's *coup d'etat* (for it was nothing else) of a year ago; when he dismissed M.

Venezelos for the second time, arbitrarily dissolved the Chamber, and held a sham general election while the Army was mobilized. The Allies would have saved themselves much subsequent trouble if they could have intervened there and then on behalf of the Greek democracy. But their military situation made it out of the question. They were the defeated side throughout Europe, and the Austro-German-Bulgar combination under Mackensen was overrunning Serbia and dominating the Balkans. The Anglo-French foothold at Salonica was very far from firm; and it was important in making it so not to challenge anything like the military intervention of King Constantine. Nor could we plausibly be more democratic than the Greek demos. It is a relevant circumstance, and one that cannot be left out of future account in deciding how far Greece shares her Sovereign's responsibility, that King Constantine's violent action nowhere evoked more than verbal protests, and that he remained, in spite of it, what he had for some time been—one of the two most popular individuals in his kingdom. For these reasons the Allies confined themselves at the time to such piecemeal and provisional steps as were indispensable for the safety of General Sarrail's army.

Gradually its position was secured; though the delay enabled King Constantine no less to secure his irregular position in Greek politics. Baron Schenck also utilized the interval to buy for the pro-German party at Athens something like a popular backing. The situation grew more and more explosive; but it was not till after midsummer that the Allies made a demand for the restoration of constitutional government in Greece. The program then accepted by King Constantine was that the Skoloudis Ministry (which was entirely a puppet-

show of his own) should resign, the Army should be demobilized, and a general election upon honest and constitutional lines should be held as soon as the demobilization was complete. M. Zaïmis was to form a "Service Cabinet" for the purpose of carrying out the demobilization and the general election. Late as it was, this would have been a capital program, if only it had been carried out. Unfortunately it never has been. After inordinate delays the Army was indeed demobilized; but though months have passed, and M. Zaïmis' Cabinet has disappeared, Greece is still not in sight of a general election; and even if one were held, under the conditions latterly prevailing it could not express the will of Greece, but only that of the gangs of ruffians organized, paid and armed under the King's ægis by the German propagandists.

What deflected the Allies from pursuing the more comprehensive path of restoring the Greek Constitution, and drove them back on to piecemeal expedients to safeguard General Sarrail's army, were the Bulgar invasions of Northeast and Southwest Macedonia and the series of sensational incidents accompanying them. It was the opening up of direct communications *via* Florina between the Bulgar forces in the field and the German espionage machinery at Athens that compelled the Allies to send a fleet to the Piræus, and peremptorily demand the expulsion of Baron Schenck and his associates. Moreover, the surrender of Seres, Drama and Kavalla to the Bulgarians by the King's orders gave rise to the Greek revolt at Salonica and the setting up of a Provisional Government there, which was the first beginning of the revolutionary movement led by M. Venezelos. The birth of this movement opened a new vista of hopeful possibilities for the Allies; but at the

same time its growth has rendered the general election formula impracticable. For the formula of the revolutionaries, who are our friends, is to gather men to the colors and organize them into a new army to fight against the Bulgars and Turks; and unless we are to thwart our friends' plan we cannot go on with the demand for a general election, of which complete demobilization is the condition precedent. Under all these circumstances we seem to have entirely reverted to the policy of meeting difficulties piecemeal as they arise.

The motives for the recent demands of the French Admiral commanding the fleet off the Piræus are not far to seek. The Allies asked for the surrender of the Greek fleet, because otherwise it would have proceeded to Constantinople and surrendered itself, like the East Macedonian Army Corps, to the enemy. They asked for control of the Piræus-Larissa railway because King Constantine was using the railway to effect a grand concentration of all available troops, guns, munitions, and food supplies at Larissa, with the obvious intention of retiring thither himself and defying the Allies from a new point of vantage. Situated as it is inland, with the chief cornlands of Greece round it, and with all its possibilities as a base for attacking Macedonia completely worked out years ago by the Greek General Staff, the Thessalian capital in the military occupation of King Constantine would have constituted a most formidable menace alike to

The New Statesman.

General Sarraïl and to the King's revolted Macedonian subjects. The Allies had to move promptly to check this design, and they did so. Their demand for control of the railway was conceded; they put a guard at its southern terminus, and stopped troops and munitions from going north. But to control effectively a railway of this length involves more than the posting of a small guard or two at one or two stations. So will the control, which has also been conceded, over the Greek police. Hitherto the Allies have only landed very small bodies of troops—dangerously small in view of the many more or less mobilized Greek divisions which King Constantine has at his immediate disposal. Evidently the tendency must be steadily to increase the Allies' forces ashore. This is much to be regretted, both because it drains our man-power and because it involves growing interference in the affairs of a country which we wish to see managing its own. But it seems at present unavoidable. The only hope of a better solution is to be found in the expansion of the Venezelist movement. This proceeds rapidly in its own areas, and receives some accessions daily from Old Greece. But for obvious reasons the Allies cannot push it. It must move with its own momentum. On its spreading fast enough depends not only the immediate future of the Allies' relations with the Greek people, but also in great measure the ultimate international future of Greece in a Europe which the victorious Allies will reshape.

THE DAY OF THE CHEMIST.

The Government lately appointed a Committee to inquire what measures are desirable to advance pure science "and the interests of the trades, industries, and professions which par-

ticularly depend upon applied science." This might have been better expressed. The most important thing is "pure science," there is no "applied" science without it. Ignorance of this is the

reason, to a great extent, why England has fallen behind in the more modern manufactures and industries. It is true a time comes when, the pure scientist having made his discovery, it has to be applied to the practical purpose of making a new article sufficiently cheaply to be used in a manufacturing process, which may revolutionize an existing industry. Money has to be risked by manufacturers. English manufacturers have not been so enterprising and persistent as they would have been if they had had more faith in pure science.

In 1880 a German chemist, Adolf von Bayer, discovered how to make artificial indigo in his laboratory, but it cost too much. The German manufacturers took it up, and during seventeen years spent £1,000,000 until success was achieved; and they had the satisfaction of being able to compete with the Indian plantations. They ruined the indigo trade of India, which exported to the annual value of £3,500,000 in 1896, but in 1913 only £60,000 worth, and Germany was exporting an annual value of over £2,000,000 with indigo at 3s. 6d. instead of 8s. the lb. Dr. F. A. Mason, writing in the *Times* a few months ago, touched on this synthetic indigo, along with monazite, which is used in making gas mantles. He said that their mention with beet sugar, etc., was not fortuitous, apropos of German industrial success and British failure. "The link connecting them all," he said, "may be summed up in one word—chemistry. There is no branch of science, pure or applied, which has been so shamefully neglected in the past as chemistry. Practically all the important industries in which we have been left behind by Germany have been those in which the chemist is predominant."

The incandescent gas mantle is a good example of the transcendent im-

portance of pure chemical research. Auer von Welsbach, in 1884, did not start out with any intention to improve the illuminating power of gas. Those who had done so failed. He was conducting a purely scientific investigation of the rare metals, and he noticed that some of their oxides emitted an exceptionally brilliant light when incandescent. That was the beginning, but it needed money and enterprise, which German manufacturers supplied, to make the gas mantle a success before the annual consumption of the mantles reached 300,000,000.

There seems to be a notion, even amongst the educated, that the chemist is an ingenious experimenter who mixes things and then watches the result, which may be something useful or a nuisance—a stink—just as it happens. In fact, he is creative; he does not make imitation substances, like imitation jewelry, but the very same substances as Nature, only in greater quantities and more cheaply. The materials are Nature's, but she has not combined them into existing substances which it is useful or agreeable for man to possess. Artificial or synthetic indigo or madder are the exact things the plants produce. The synthetic drugs are the same as those from the plants, built up on the same lines as Nature builds, though they never were in plants, except probably in the fossil plants from which we get coal tar. Adrenaline is a good example. It made bloodless surgery a possibility and an actuality. This substance was extracted for the first time in 1901 from the suprarenal glands of sheep and oxen. A pound weight could be obtained from 20,000 oxen. It was found that when injected under the skin, in exceedingly minute amounts, it contracted the arteries so violently that the blood was driven away from the parts on which the surgeon was about to operate. The chemist then

found out, not merely what it is made of, but how the materials of it are built up, and arranged in such order as to give it its qualities and make it the specific substance it is. They discovered its molecular structure, the ground plan of the substance. This is not analysis. You can analyze the substance of which a house is built—bricks, mortar, and so on; but that does not disclose the plan on which it is built. The chemist discovers how substances are built; then he can build them himself; and this he did with adrenaline. He knew both the materials and the plan, and he constructed an exactly similar product to Nature's, and it was then put on the market under the name of suprarenine as a commercial success.

To understand how this is done is to understand partly what pure science means, and how necessary it is for all our great modern industries. It is theory as to molecular structure, pure speculation without an atom of practicality about it; scientific imagination as to the nature of atoms and molecules, that not even the microscope reveals, which has resulted in synthetic chemistry. It is not possible here to trace the history of those theories, which began about sixty years ago. The chemistry of that time acted on a theory now obsolete, that the products of the wonderful chemistry of animals and plants could not be reproduced without the vital processes. That is a theory which synthetic chemistry has entirely abolished, and now compounds that are found in no animal or vegetable organisms are prepared by the chemist, which, on that old theory, ought to be impossible. But if the theory cannot be shortly explained, a moral can quite easily be drawn, and it can best be done in the words of Prof. Alexander Findlay, in whose excellent book, "*Chemistry in the Service of Man*," is to be found a popular

exposition of the theory of synthetic chemistry. He says: "But while the theories of molecular structure and constitution gave the guidance necessary for the altogether phenomenal development of organic chemistry during the last sixty years, that development could actually take place only through the genius, the energy, and the persistence of hundreds of zealous workers who devoted themselves to the task of synthesizing and elucidating the constitution of thousands of organic compounds, and it is, therefore, only natural that it is in that country—Germany—which, amongst all other countries, has been conspicuous for its recognition of the importance of such investigations, and for the encouragement which it has given to them, that we find the industries dependent on synthetic organic chemistry chiefly flourishing."

Though it is well known that the first synthetic dye was made by Sir W. H. Perkin in this country, it is Germany which now makes out of coal tar, which a hundred years ago was a useless waste material and a nuisance, two-thirds of all the synthetic dyes now made, which amount to the annual value of £20,000,000. It is exactly the same story as regards the numberless synthetic drugs and perfumes which, in many cases, are the identical substances to which the active properties of plants or the perfumes of flowers are due; though others are merely substitutes and imitations. Antifebrin, phenacetin, and one of the latest, aspirin, are amongst such drugs; and the toilet soaps tell of the value of the perfumes in articles of commerce. What was once merely distilled from plants and flowers is now made in the chemical laboratory, after the recipe supplied by Nature herself to the investigating chemist.

We may refer to two other chemical processes. These are the obtaining, or

fixation as it is called, of nitrogen directly from the air; and the manufacture of sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol. The importance of nitrogen lies in the manufacture of agricultural fertilizers; nitrogenous compounds must be applied to the soil if the products of the land are to keep pace with the growing population; and the natural sources of those compounds are being exhausted—coal and saltpetre—are amongst them. Chemists have addressed themselves to this problem, and the result is that there are now several commercial methods by which atmospheric nitrogen can be made to combine with other substances or elements. Almost every civilized country but the United Kingdom is developing these nitrogen industries. We are still using our coal for obtaining ammonia, and we export coal and get it back at a high price in fertilizers. It is said we have not cheap enough electric power, but this appears not to be true, according to those who have studied the question. And Germany is producing synthetic ammonia which does not depend on cheap power.

The Saturday Review.

We are simply not making the effort to produce substances of vital importance to us.

England was once the chief producer of sulphuric acid, which is used in most of the great chemical and metallurgical industries, explosives amongst the rest. Great Britain now only ranks third, and this is because she still uses processes of which the most that can be said is that they are not entirely superseded. In 1831 Peregrine Phillips, a vinegar manufacturer, of Bristol, made a discovery which it was believed would in a few years supersede the old method of production. But seventy years passed and, in Prof. Frankland's words, then "the ability and persistence of the technical chemists in one of Germany's greatest chemical works succeeded in developing the discovery of Peregrine Phillips into a successful industrial process." Thus it came to pass that England took third place where for many years she had held the first. Yet it must be well understood that our chemists of theory have been second to none.

THE GREGARIOUS HABIT.

A correspondent, who is kind enough to say that he takes interest in my little essays on Natural History in the *Westminster Gazette*, asks me to "explain why cows in a field are accompanied by half a dozen birds, who often seem to pick up their food from under the very nose of the cow?" That is one of his queries, and a second is, "Why do cows and sheep in a field, when grazing, face in the same direction?" I do not think that one need be much of a wizard in the ways of animals to read his first riddle for him. The reason why birds, usually of the starling kind, run in and out among the legs and about the nose of a grazing cow is that the movements of the

bigger animal stir up the insects out of the grass, so that the birds are able to catch and eat them. Probably we may take that to be the simple conclusion of this little matter as confidently as we can accept any argument based on evidence of the kind. Most commonly we find the birds which affect the society of the cows to be starlings, but often there are wagtails, or other insect-eating species. If we do, exceptionally, see some of the more purely seed-eating birds, such as linnets, keeping company with the cows, we may fairly conclude that they are taking advantage of the knocking of the seeds of grass and wild flowers out of the ear and out of the

calyx, by the big, blundering hoofs of the kine. And this is a variation from their more general insect diet which such omnivorous feeders as the starlings themselves would not neglect altogether. There is abundant reason, therefore, for these birds following the cows. It is really just the same motive as that which induces the rooks and seagulls to follow the plough.

The second of the riddles propounded by this correspondent: "Why do cows and sheep when grazing face in the same direction?" is not quite so easy in the reading, but, by way of compensation, some of the considerations which it suggests are far more interesting. In the first place, we should note perhaps that he has stated the thesis rather more simply than the facts really warrant. I think we may take it that he does not mean to imply that where there are sheep and cows together in a field they will all graze in the same direction, though that is an implication which does lie within the form of his question. What he really means to ask, probably, is: "Why do all the cows in a herd move in one direction as they graze, and why do a flock of sheep do likewise?" Even after this provisional clearing of the ground of the problem we have to bring a little further modification into its statement, and put it rather in the form of "Why do grazing animals of these species respectively show a tendency to face in one direction as they graze?" They show this general tendency, but many of the individuals depart from it from time to time, and for a short while—only, it is true, to revert to the main direction again after a short spell of divagation. The principal reason that we may perceive for the obedience on the animals' part to this general tendency is that they are gregarious. They go in flocks and herds, in companies,

LIVING AGE, VOL. IV., No. 196.

and it is most manifest that if all members of a company went each following its own nose in all the directions that a particularly succulent patch of pasture seemed to suggest to its individual fancy the company would very soon be broken up; it would cease to exist. Of course, it may be said that in modern conditions of domestic service such as those in which we usually hold our cows and sheep today, they could not stray beyond the fence of the field in which they were enclosed, so that they would always be within sight of each other, and so, virtually, still in company. But then we have to remember that most of the instincts of our domestic creatures, on which we see them acting now, were developed in conditions long previous to their domesticity, and very different. In the natural state they were not bounded by any of these enclosures and might be separated and lost with the greatest ease in a broken or a woodland country. The sheep running free, or under the control of a shepherd and his dog, on the moorlands of Scotland, Wales, and Northern England, are more or less in the conditions originally natural to them, and if they are to comply with the gregarious instinct it is evident that they must, in the main, continue to move, as they feed, in the same direction. And here it is—at this point—that we are disposed to ask a further question, and the most interesting of all—Whence does the gregarious instinct arise, of what value to these animals is it that they should go in flocks and herds, rather than singly? We may take it that such an instinct would not come into operation, as a law of their kind, unless it were to be of some use to them.

It seems by far the most likely explanation of the gregarious habit among ruminant animals that it is

formed because it is of value in helping them to escape from carnivorous enemies. The domestic cow, it is true, has horns of formidable aspect and belongs to a family that is well able to hold its own against most assailants. In days of old, when the buffalo roamed in its millions on the American prairie, we used to hear tales of the manner in which the herd would gather itself, on the approach of danger from wolves or other enemies, into a circle with the cows and calves in the midst, and the great horns of the males forming a fearful *cheval de frise* at the circumference. It must have been a bulwark to give pause to the stoutest carnivorous disposition. We do not often see our homely cow attacked by wolves; the carnivorous creatures by which it is more usually assaulted are flies of different species. Against the fly, the tail, not the horn, is the effective weapon. And since the tail grows at the end of the animal remote from the horn-carrying head, the formation which we see our cattle adopt on a day when the fly plagues are insistent is one of heads all together at the center, held low down so that the flies cannot get at the eyes or nose, and tails, in a state of perpetual whisking movement, all round the circumference. It is just the converse of the formation of the buffaloes repelling wolves. But in the one case equally with the other the value of the gregarious habit is manifest; a single buffalo could not present a circumference of horns, any more than a single cow a circumference of tails, to the attacks of wolves or

The Westminster Gazette.

flies. That, however, is an explanation which hardly fits the case of the sheep who have, generally speaking, no very effective horns or tails. But in most of the animals that go in companies the habit has quite adequate justification in the division of labor which it permits. Our sheep have so long been unused to war's alarms that they seem to have forgotten the custom of their wild relatives, and no doubt, of their own ancestors, to set a sentinel. From rooks to red-deer, we may see that custom followed faithfully—one, or a couple, watching while the rest of the company feeds. Notice the saving of labor and the comfort that are the result. When the watch is set, the others may enjoy their meal in confident security; without it, they must be forever looking up in expectation of a foe's approach; and this must always be the hard case of the solitary. By virtue of the social habit it becomes possible for one to do the watching for the society. And somewhere, deep down in the roots of that nature which man shares in common with the other creatures of the earth, there may be some explanation more profound and ultimate. Man, an animal only partially gregarious, finds a comfort that he hardly can explain in company. If we are to spend the night in a haunted chamber we had rather face the ghost in any, even the most feeble, society of a fellow-creature than alone. And possibly it is some secret impulse of a like kind that draws into their societies our sheep and cows.

Horace Hutchinson.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR THE WAR-WOMAN?

Among the women of England the war has created a situation which has no precedent. If, as the Prime Minister recently said, they "cannot

fight, in the gross material sense of going out with rifles, and so forth," it is none the less true that they "have rendered as effective service in the

prosecution of the war as any other class of the community." Long ago, when as yet they were little employed, George Meredith, with prescience not unusual in him, observed that "women are fitted to most of the avenues open to energy." Failing the women, the war could not have been conducted as it has been. Failing the women, the victory that draws nearer would perhaps have been impossible. The women's claim in the hour of peace will therefore be a great one.

In that hour the situation to be faced will be quite different from the one which the women tackled with grit and power in the early days of the war, and it will affect them from the top to the bottom of society. It will affect them to the number of hundreds of thousands. Consider the army of women—for an army it is, and a large one—which the necessities of the war brought on a sudden into active employment. Very many of them had never before set out on any industrial calling. Leave from the account the splendid host of nurses, at home and abroad. Women have filled and are filling our munition factories. They are running farms. They are staffing the finest hotels in London, clerking in the City, driving carts and motors, doing railway and tram and police work, training horses for remounts, and crowding most of the public departments. Acceptable figures are scarcely yet available; but I suggest that, adding together the productive side of industry and the sundry commercial and institutional businesses, the war itself has called into play the efforts of not fewer than 500,000 women. And their efforts have unquestionably kept the country going.

Now the great majority of these women must be regarded as stopgap or emergency workers (and there is at least an equal number of men and boys on a precisely similar footing); and

in this fact we shall find a chief difficulty of the problem to be confronted after peace has been declared. Setting the stopgap men and boys aside, there will be half a million women to find places for in that new world into which we shall by-and-by be entering. Certain things will come to an end; certain means of livelihood, certain emoluments. That they will come to an end all at once is in no way likely—in no way possible. But the huge readjustment will have to be made; and the women to whom we shall have owed so much throughout the war will need to be alive to it. Their claims on the community will be incalculable; but a woman's claim is a thing that the woman has usually had to fight for, and the whole sex should prepare to organize as they have never organized before. In its direct bearing on the question, let us seek to know how we shall stand during and after demobilization. Some three or four millions of men will return from military to civil life. Supposing the nation decides that our Army shall be raised to a Continental standard? There will even then be three million men, or thereabouts, to reintroduce into civil life. To reintroduce them immediately the war were over would be to bring chaos on the whole labor market. Demobilization, then, must be a gradual process. It cannot however last too long; for the country will not stand the cost of maintaining forces on the present scale.

There will undoubtedly be a period during which things will remain very much as they are. Certain Government orders will not cease when the war ceases. Certain contracts will not have been fulfilled. There will still be much doing in matters of naval construction, artillery, ammunition, and equipment, until all these are at last brought down to the normal standard. It will be no easy task

suddenly to stop or to divert the activities of a machinery so powerful and so highly organized as that under the control of the Ministry of Munitions. Many firms will be interested in the continuance of profitable jobs. Many persons will be not less interested in the retention of secure and well-paid employment. There will be a natural tendency to keep on automatically with the expenditure of unexpended votes. And much of all this will be good for great numbers of emergency women.

In the long run nevertheless peace, we may hope, will be complete, and that will be the beginning of the exodus from the war industries. It will also be the beginning of the new problem for those who will up to then have been the war women. Are they making ready for it?

There were many who left other employments, either because those employments had failed them as a consequence of the war, or because of the higher pay or greater attractiveness of war work. Many were forced into this work because of the loss of the breadwinner, or because the war had swept from them a slender income or their savings. Many domestic servants went into munition factories. Many married women whose husbands are with the Colors have returned to industry during the war; and not a few of these will either be compelled to remain in industry or will desire to do so, in part or altogether. Many girls whose families are wealthy or comfortably placed have long been at war work or emergency work. They will not be forced to stay at it in peace-

The Outlook.

time; but independence is prized in these days, and girls who have learned how to support themselves may be increasingly unwilling to sink back into idleness.

Doubtless when peace is again the habit of our lives thousands of women will withdraw at once and entirely from employment, and the situation will thus be appreciably eased. In other ways, too, relief will be forthcoming. Soldiers whose places were being held for them have fallen on the field; others will fall. Soldiers will come home disabled, nerve-shaken, weary. Again, and this is a pleasanter thought, much of the flower of the Army will cast its lot there for good. Others will elect for the fields or the Colonies, abandoning eternally the counter or the stool.

But there will still be the hundreds of thousands of women displaced, who will ask to be replaced. First to occupy us will be the emergency problem; the provision of work (at proper pay) for the women who have aided us to win the war. Next will stand the constructive problem—largely concerned with the means to meet the more enduring effects of the war. The second of these problems will carry us into years, involving changes in our systems of national education, training, organization. The first problem will be urgent, and no panic economy or panic legislation can solve it. Will the women once again have to battle for their hand as hitherto they have always had to do? Or will the new times breed a new chivalry in the temper of the men?

Tighe Hopkins.

THE VERDICT OF AMERICA.

The political mind of the Anglo-Saxon is never really at rest unless he

can find a moral basis on which to rest the policy pursued by the country of

which he is a member. Foreigners, and notably Germans, regard this practice as a mere hypocritical cloak used to veil moral delinquencies, and they point sometimes with a show of reason, to the contrast between British theory and British practice. They are unjust. Few individuals, and still fewer nations, are able invariably to act up to the full standard of that high morality by which they profess to be guided. The Germans, less than any other people, are in a position to cast the first stone at those who are guilty of occasional lapses from the narrow path of rigid morality. But when the most that is possible has been made of British sins, whether of omission or commission, it still remains true that it is more upright and praiseworthy to possess a national conscience, even if it be seared by the remorse consequent on some past errors, than to cast all conscientious motives to the winds and to defend political action by arguments based on that shameless egotism which either denies or wholly ignores the fact that both nations and individuals have a duty to perform towards their neighbors. "Britain's record in the past," Dr. Schmitt,* who is an American Rhodes Scholar, says, "is not unstained. . . . But, compared with the crimson offenses of Germany, her peccadilloes are insignificant." Without caviling at Dr. Schmitt's severely impartial verdict, Englishmen may be pardoned for holding that, even if some "peccadilloes" in the past be admitted, they ought in fairness to be balanced by such acts of wise and noble altruism as the sacrifices made to ensure the abolition of slavery, the cession, without compensation of any kind, of the Ionian Islands to Greece, and the treatment of the Boers of South

Africa at the close of a successful war. Professor Fife,* on visiting the well-kept Berlin Cemetery, "where the dead sleep under roses and eternal green," is led to the conclusion that "the German soul is no less responsive (than hitherto) to noble impulses." It may be hoped and believed that the remark holds good in so far as many individual Germans are concerned, but the history of Prussian statesmanship from the days of Frederick the Great, and even earlier, to those of the present Kaiser is one continuous record of obedience to ignoble rather than to noble impulses. It is not relieved by any symptom of altruistic motives or sentiments.

The moralizing tendencies of Englishmen render them sensitive to the opinions on British policy entertained and expressed abroad. In the great contest in which they are now engaged they do not look for material help from others, but inasmuch as they hold that they and their Allies, whilst fighting for their own interests, are incidentally acting as the champions of civilization, they yearn for sympathy and for moral support. Neither, on the whole, have they been disappointed in their expectations. The best elements of the world are ranged in a solid anti-German phalanx. Special importance is, moreover, attached to the trend of American opinion. The Americans, in fact, stand, from the British point of view, in a position which is altogether peculiar. No inhabitant of these islands would think for one moment of speaking of the citizens of the United States as "foreigners." Community of language, racial origin, political institutions, and habits of thought alike ban the use of the expression. Moreover, the very defects of British character are re-

**England and Germany, 1740-1914.* By Bernadotte Everly Schmitt, M. A. (Oxon.). Ph.D. London: Humphrey Milford. 8s. 6d. net.

**The German Empire between Two Wars.* By Robert Herndon Fife, Junior Professor in Wesleyan University. London: Macmillan and Co. 6s. 6d. net.

produced, often in a somewhat enhanced degree, on the further side of the Atlantic. When we are taunted, sometimes not without reason, for our "insular" habits of thought, we may reflect that, although it would be technically incorrect to apply the term to the citizens of the United States, it may with great appropriateness be used to designate that segregation from the political mentality prevalent on the Continent of Europe, which is the natural outcome of physical barriers and of the Monroe Doctrine, and which characterizes the opinions of the American masses even to a greater extent than those of their British counterparts. Englishmen, therefore, feel that Americans although belonging to a wholly separate community, can understand the motives of their action better than any other members of the international family. At the same time, they breathe a different political atmosphere from that in which we live. Their detachment is sufficient to act as some antidote to passion or prejudice. If, being swayed by the ties of kinship, they are not absolutely impartial, they at least occupy a position which should guarantee them against indulgence in excessive partiality.

The attitude adopted throughout the war by the Government of the United States has certainly aroused in this country a feeling, which it would be an exaggeration to characterize as one of resentment, but which may be accurately described as one of astonishment and disappointment. This feeling, however, has been greatly assuaged by the generous testimony borne by the leading thinkers of America to the justice of the cause for which we are fighting. Dr. Schmitt has evidently examined with great care the history of the events, both remote and proximate, which have led up to Armageddon. He does not hold that

Great Britain is wholly blameless in all matters. For instance, he thinks—erroneously, in my opinion—that the secret arrangement made between France, Spain, and Great Britain in 1904 about Morocco was "not a creditable business." But he entertains no manner of doubt as to the quarter to which the main guilt of provoking the war should be assigned. "The historian," he says, "is entitled to say that Germany is responsible for the bitterness of feeling and the violence of language which long characterized the discussion of Anglo-German relations." After alluding to the fact that the German Emperor persistently refused to consent to any agreement having the limitation of armaments for its object, and after stating that "the murders of Serajevo merely furnished the excuse for an aggressive move definitely and carefully planned for the summer of 1914," he dwells on the earnest and sincere endeavors made by Great Britain to preserve peace, and he concludes with the remark that "Germany must bear almost the entire responsibility for the fatal ending of her rivalry with England." No one with any pretense to impartiality, who has conscientiously examined the facts, could come to any other conclusion, but Englishmen will scarcely admit the necessity or the justice of using the adverb "almost" to qualify this righteous judgment.

It is unnecessary to travel over all the familiar grounds which have led Dr. Schmitt to the delivery of this judgment. It will be more profitable to indicate a few errors into which, from want of full information, he has unwittingly fallen.

The title-deeds of Lord Beaconsfield to be called "the father of modern British Imperialism" are by no means of unimpeachable validity. Neither is it correct to say that, as a conse-

quence of the Colonial Conference of 1911, the overseas Dominions of Great Britain were "admitted into the *arcana* of the Foreign Office." The means by which that admission can be secured have yet to be considered. Again, Dr. Schmitt says that "there is every reason to believe that a coalition of the European Powers to help Spain against the United States was proposed by Germany, but was quashed by Lord Salisbury's intimation that Great Britain would support the United States." This belief, if it exists, is based on incorrect information. The sympathies of Roman Catholic Austria were from the first strongly pro-Spanish, and the public opinion of most of the Continental nations favored the cause of Spain rather than that of America; but the German Government were nevertheless very desirous of doing nothing to embroil their relations with the United States. It was perfectly well known, and has, indeed, now been admitted by Professor Fish and others, that the Government of the United States earnestly endeavored to avoid war, and it is almost certain that their efforts would have proved successful had it not been for the Chauvinistic attitude hastily and inconsiderately adopted by Congress. In these circumstances, it was thought by some that a fresh representation by the Great Powers at the last moment in favor of a continuance of negotiations on the terms offered by Spain might not be displeasing to the United States Government. Such a proposal was initiated at a meeting of the Representatives at Washington, and submitted by them to their respective Governments. The British Government declined to associate themselves with it, and a similar course was immediately afterwards followed by Germany; but it is, to say the least, highly probable that German action

in this sense would have been taken even if Great Britain had not been first in the field. There is, so far as I know, no reason whatever for believing that Germany contemplated the formation of a hostile coalition against the United States and that the project was wrecked exclusively by the action of British diplomacy.

At the risk of again posing to some extent as an *advocatus diaboli*, I must also point out that I know of no justification for Dr. Schmitt's statement that, at the time of the Fashoda episode, "Germany offered, so Englishmen believe, to make a demonstration in South Africa if France would hold firm." I am not acquainted with any Englishmen who entertain this belief, neither am I aware of the authority on which those who entertain it base the faith which is in them. All I can say is that this is the first that I have ever heard of the matter, and that, if any such action on the part of Germany was taken, it is improbable that information regarding it should not have leaked out in diplomatic circles. I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of the statement, and I find on inquiry that those doubts are shared by others whose opportunities for acquiring correct information on the subject were equal, if not superior, to my own. I notice, however, that M. Lanessan, in his recent *Histoire de l'Entente Cordiale Franco-Anglaise*, rather confirms Dr. Schmitt's statement.

No diplomatic incident of recent years has formed the subject of more numerous myths than the Anglo-French Entente of 1904. Dr. Schmitt says that it "was the work of three men"—namely, M. Delcassé, Sir Thomas Baring, and the late King Edward VII. M. Delcassé unquestionably contributed largely to the Entente. Of the part played by Sir Thomas Baring I cannot speak with either

knowledge or authority. The attitude of the King was certainly most beneficial. His great personal popularity in France contributed to dispose French public opinion to consider favorably any proposals to restore those friendly relations with Great Britain which had been detrimentally affected mainly by the course of events in Egypt. But in respect to the details of the negotiations which were eventually crowned with success, his late Majesty did not exercise nearly so great an influence as is very generally supposed.

The part played by different individuals in this epoch-making transaction is, however, of no great consequence. The general causes which led to the conclusion of the arrangement of 1904 are of greater historical and political importance. The idea that it was the first step deliberately taken, mainly at the instance of Great Britain, to "isolate" Germany and to form a European coalition hostile to the Central Powers has been sedulously fostered by the Germans. It has been very generally credited. It has been regarded, even in England, as a clever diplomatic move intended to counter the preponderating influence of the Triple Alliance. Professor Fife says: "Since 1904, English foreign policy has had the 'German peril' as its ground tone. It was that brought England and France together in 1904 to make the Entente." It is highly probable that this theory of the origin of the Entente will float down the tide of history.

Those who have had no actual experience of modern diplomacy are always rather prone to reject explanations of diplomatic action which are simple, and to resort to others of a more complex, covert, and far-reaching character. This is what has happened in the case under discussion. The immediate origin of the Entente of

1904 is to be found mainly in the local situation existing at the time in Egypt. Egyptian finance was then in a flourishing condition, but owing to the international fetters imposed on Egypt in circumstances which, in 1904, had wholly ceased to exist, the country was unable to derive any real profit from the surplus funds which, save for these artificial obstructions, would have been available. The position had, in fact, become intolerable. It was determined to make an effort to improve it. A high Egyptian official was sent to Paris in order to feel the pulse of the French Government. Simultaneously, responsible Frenchmen had come to the conclusion that it was practically impossible for the British Government to redeem the pledge to evacuate Egypt, which had been overhastily given in 1882. They were to some extent mollified by the consideration shown for French interests in Egypt. They recognized that the policy of "pinpricks," which had lasted for twenty-two years, was of no real benefit to France, and might even endanger the peace of Europe. British advances were, therefore, met in a friendly spirit. Naturally, some compensation was expected for any concessions made in Egypt. They were to be found in granting France a free hand in Morocco, where a policy of acquiescence in the progress of French influence, under proper safeguards, seemed to be dictated by the interests of both countries. The idea of extending the agreement to the settlement of various other questions, which had for a long time served as constant sources of irritation, was a very obvious and natural corollary. The matter would have been generally regarded in its true light—namely, as an arrangement of local differences which had for a long time injuriously affected the friendly relations of the two Western Powers—had not Ger-

many thought fit to interfere. The German Emperor had recently brought a novel and most pernicious principle, fraught with real danger to peace, into European diplomacy. In 1900, he stated publicly that "without Germany and the German Emperor no important step in international policy should be taken, even beyond the seas." An imaginary grievance against France was, therefore, got up. Spurious claims on behalf of individual Germans were easily manufactured, and Europe was brought to the brink of war. Substantially, these are all the main facts connected with the history of the Anglo-French Entente. I can state very positively and confidently that all other explanations should be received by the British public with much scepticism.

I am less familiar with all the details of the negotiations which subsequently led to the Anglo-Russian Agreement, but I have no hesitation in saying that it originated from much the same causes as those which operated in the case of the Anglo-French Entente, of which, indeed, it was the logical and perfectly legitimate sequel. The long-standing animosity between Great Britain and Russia had been productive of no good to either country. The impossibility and undesirability of continuing the pro-Turkish

The Spectator.

policy which led to the Crimean War, and which was still followed in the days of Lord Beaconsfield, were generally recognized in this country. The British occupation of Egypt had materially altered the state of affairs in the Mediterranean. Moreover, some settlement of the conflicting claims of the two Governments to predominant influence in different parts of Persia had become extremely desirable. Both Russian and British statesmen welcomed the opportunity afforded for settling their time-honored misunderstandings.

It was natural enough that both of these arrangements should be viewed with disfavor at Berlin, for the cornerstone of German diplomacy had for many years been the encouragement both of Anglo-French and of Anglo-Russian dissension. But there was nothing whatever in either of these transactions which involved a menace to Germany. If the profession of German pacific intentions had been as true as it was in reality false, German diplomatists should have welcomed both the Anglo-French and the Anglo-Russian Agreements as measures calculated to ensure the peace of Europe. They acted otherwise. They deliberately sought what may be very correctly characterized by the significant French expression: *une querelle d'Allemand*.

Cromer.

"THE ENGLISH INCURIA."

Sir Arthur Evans, in his presidential address to the British Association, spoke very plainly of the chief weakness, one might call it the chief vice, of England today. "It is a lamentable fact," he said, "that beyond any nation of the West the bulk of our people remains sunk not in comparative ignorance only—for that is less difficult to overcome—but in intellectual ap-

athy. The dull incuria of the parents is reflected in the children, and the desire for the acquirement of knowledge in our schools and colleges is appreciably less than elsewhere. So, too, with the scientific side of education; it is not so much the actual amount of science taught that is in question—insufficient as that is—as the instillation of the scientific spirit

itself—the perception of method, the sacred thirst for investigation."

The ultimate cause of this English incuria is our habit of thinking of everything in terms of something else. This we call, when we are paying compliments to ourselves, the practical genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. To others it often appears sheer stupidity. The Englishman asks—Why should I have a sacred thirst for investigation? What will come of it? And that seems to other nations a stupid question. One might as well ask:—Why should I have a sacred thirst for righteousness? Both questions are stupid, because no answer is possible to the man who is capable of asking them. The sacred thirst in both cases is worth having for its own sake, and life is not worth living without it. If a man does not see that, one cannot begin to argue with him. It is as if he had asked why there should be music when speech is a much better means of communication. So it is for practical purposes, that is to say, for telling a waiter what you want for dinner. But the musician is not trying to tell us what he wants for dinner; and to assume that he is, that he cannot wish to speak to us with any other purpose, is to be stupid. On the moral side we do not suffer much from this stupidity, as our sacrifices in this war prove. But on the intellectual and æsthetic side we have long suffered from it; and there is a danger that the war will make us suffer from it still more. For more than two years we have had one great practical purpose before us to which all our other purposes have been subject. We must win the war before we can do anything else; and the sooner we win it the sooner we shall be able to turn to other things. When your house is on fire, you can think of nothing but putting out the fire. Now in this war we are constantly told that the psychological factor is of the greatest impor-

tance. It is a vague saying, but it means that nations fight best when they expect to win; and that they get allies, or help from neutrals, most easily when they are expected to win. Therefore, it is important to keep up the expectation of victory both in a fighting nation itself and among other nations. We know how assiduously the German Government has encouraged the expectation of German victory, how it has managed to make the German people, and for a long time many neutral nations, believe in a peculiar German magic against which all the efforts of the Allies must be vain. We have even at times believed in that magic ourselves, believed that the Germans had a secret of organization which we could never learn, that they had foreseen everything and provided for everything, and that the war was proceeding inevitably just as they had meant it to proceed.

This was the effect they meant to produce on us, on their own people, and on all the world; and they produced it by statements artfully calculated, both in their truth and in their falsity, to produce it. Now we know that they never make any statement without considering its psychological effect upon someone. That is one of their methods of making war; and they do it pretty well, because it was also one of their methods of making disguised war for many years before this open war broke out. But it has its dangers as soon as the world is aware of it. For now, outside Germany, every one asks, whenever the German Government makes a statement, not whether it is true, but what motive they had for making it; and all Germans, because of their peculiar docility, are also suspect. Whenever they say anything they also may be speaking at the word of command, saying what the Government would wish them to say, perhaps with an unconscious obedience. The

whole world believes that accusation, which Kingsley so unjustly made against Newman, to be true of them. They do not acknowledge any moral obligation to tell the truth to foreigners where a lie will serve their country better; and devotion to their country has ousted all devotion to truth from their minds.

But we, too, are subject to the same temptation now that we are at war with these diligent students of psychological effect. We have learned from them, perhaps, to think more of psychological effect than we need. It was the German victories that impressed the world more than the German propaganda. Ferdinand of Bulgaria no doubt trusted in them rather than in what the Germans told him about their Kultur; and now our victories rather than our psychological cunning are destroying the belief in the German magic. But the Germans have taught us, both Government and people, to be nervous about telling the truth, even to ourselves. We have a notion that we must not even think about the war except with the object of winning it. Before there was compulsory service it was common form to say of any statement or opinion with which one happened to disagree that it was calculated to discourage recruiting. That objection made it unnecessary to ask whether it was true, but no one asked whether it really was likely to discourage recruiting; the mere suggestion that it might was enough to condemn it. And now we say of such statements or opinions that they are calculated to encourage the Germans or to set neutrals against us. But the Germans seem to get encouragement from such strange and even inconsistent sources that we had better trust to events to produce their effect upon them. They tell us that everything encourages them, from the Battle of Jutland to the entry of Roumania; and, if we believe that, we may

as well believe every word in their official *communiqués*. In such matters all Germans are official; but we do not wish the world to think that we are all official in our statements too; above all, we do not wish to fall ourselves into the official habit of mind, to think always of the effect of our statements rather than of their truth. For that habit, if we acquire it, will cling to us after the war is over; and we shall still be telling those with whom we happen to disagree that their opinions ought not to be expressed since they are calculated to discourage something or someone that ought to be encouraged.

The fact is that the German nation is determined not to be beaten, and we are determined to beat them. That is the plain truth; and we conceal it from ourselves when we believe that any straw can affect their determination or ours. They will recognize facts as soon as they learn them; and we cannot prevent their Government from concealing the facts as long as they can be concealed. When they cannot be concealed, they will have their psychological effect soon enough. In the long run the German Government will prove to be bad liars because they have lied too much. A time will come when the German people will themselves ask what motive their Government have for every statement they make. All this psychological cunning of theirs pays as long as they are winning—that is to say, as long as the facts speak for themselves; but when they cannot allow the facts to speak for themselves then it pays no longer. We do not know what misgivings and suspicions are silently growing in Germany. We ourselves are not much troubled when we find that our Government has made a mistake or has concealed some fact from us. We shrug our shoulders and say that it is just what one would expect of politicians; for our politicians, with all their faults, have not tried to create a legend

about themselves. But the German Government has created a legend about itself, and Germans have not the habit of shrugging their shoulders over it. They believe that it tells the truth to them, if not to foreigners, because it cannot help it; they are all in the secret of German superiority. So if they find that their Government has blundered and lied all through in spite of its efficiency in details, it will be as if the heavens had fallen in on them. They will be like Othello when he was convinced of the sin of Desdemona. Chaos will come again. They will find that they have given their hearts and their consciences away to a set of knaves and fools.

Let us learn in time from the disaster that is preparing for them. They fell into this folly because they conceived of all life as a warfare between different nations and of victory in that warfare as the end of life. For the moment we, too, are set on victory, but we must not let the habits of war pervert our minds, we must not forget that we have to live after victory, and not at war, but at peace. Now the world consists to us of Allies, enemies, and neutrals; and we are inclined to think of the effect of every public utterance on all these. Even now words have less effect on all of them than we suppose. It is not our words that have convinced the world that we are doing what we ought to do in the war, but the British Army and Navy. It is not our arguments that have convinced the world that the Germans are the enemies of civilization, but the German actions. Great is truth, and it will prevail. Therefore we need not be afraid of it. The censor certainly does his duty in economizing the truth, and we need not all be censors of our own or each other's words. Nothing is easier than to get the habit of fearing the truth always even when you have no lies to tell. But we really have no lies to tell about our country.

Its faults and weaknesses are well known all the world over, so well known that we have surprised not only Germany but the whole world by our unexpected strength and resolution. The Germans have, for nearly a generation, advertised their country as if it were a new patent medicine. They have incessantly told the world what they wished to believe themselves—namely, that they do everything better than anyone else; and they have said it so often that they now believe it. The result is seen in their present deadly peril and their infatuate refusal to recognize it. We must not catch from them this habit of advertisement or we too shall come to believe what we say. England does not need any tradesman's arts to commend her. Her strength is, and always has been, in her sense of reality. What she is, that she has seemed to be, or, if anything, weaker than she is. Let us continue to know our own weaknesses and to speak of them without fear or favor. For this habit of advertising your own country infects the whole mind and perverts the whole thought of a nation. We are amazed now at the misrepresentations of German professors, of men who have been trained to discover the truth. Professor Harnack says that Belgium must cease to be a satrapy of England; and we say to ourselves that he must know Belgium never was a satrapy of England. It is not so. His patriotism has taught him to believe what his Government wants him to believe. He, the intellectual, has lost his head; and there is nothing else of him that has any value. And, with the perversion of the professors' intellect, Germany has lost her head altogether. There is no one to tell her the truth about anything, because she suppresses everyone who tells it. It is unpatriotic, she says, to tell the truth in wartime; and, because it is unpatriotic, the truth is untrue. Nothing is easier

than to believe, if you do not like the truth, that it must be untrue. For you dislike the man who tells it, and therefore you are naturally disposed to think him a liar. You can only avoid this error by wishing to know the truth, whether it is welcome or unwelcome; and you will not do that unless you love truth for its own sake.

We are not a nation of liars; we respect the truth as much as most people; but we have, as Sir Arthur Evans says, little of the sacred passion for discovering it. We recognize it when we see it, but we do not go out of our way to see it. We are inclined to let it lie like a sleeping dog. That is the common English attitude towards truth of all kind. Truth is, no doubt, a good thing, but we do not want too much of it. People who want as much of it as they can find are cranks hunting for mares'-nests. We have always an uneasy feeling that if some new and larger truth is discovered it will disturb some old and comfortable truth that we are thoroughly accustomed to.

The Times.

We may even be forced to confess that this old truth is not a truth at all. Against this possibility we protect ourselves by smiling lazily. Someone else can test the new discovery, and then, if there is anything in it, we shall profit by it in due course. But, alas! that is not how things happen. Those who profit by the truth are those who have a passion for it; for the passion is itself the profit. We cannot inherit lazily the truths that others have discovered. If we are content to exploit the minds of others we shall cease to have minds of our own worth speaking of; for we shall cease to know the highest joys of life. And how few of us do know them; we are very decent people, but our lives, in this modern world of England, are terribly empty of joy. In the last two years of war some of us have known for the first time the high moral joy of fighting for a cause; can they make the rest of us understand the high, intellectual joy of living for the truth, the sacred passion of discovery?

Roosevelt's Relaxations.*

Mr. Roosevelt is one of the prize hustlers of America in any field that he enters. A ribald epigrammatist has described him as:

A mixture of cowboy and Plato,
And quite the straight potato.

No one doubts his honesty, but the results of his push-and-go have been considered by some of his judicious compatriots as less fortunate in politics than elsewhere. One can go ahead without going a header. It is likely, however, that he enjoys, even more than the fighting of politics to a frazzle and the making of maxims for sound Americans, the adventures of the naturalist, with which this book is

"A Book-Lover's Holiday in the Open."
By Theodore Roosevelt. Murray. 9s. net.

chiefly concerned. He certainly gets out of his hunting prose which is at once vigorous, effective, and natural, and he has the spirit of a great boy—his book is dedicated to two of his younger sons—with the wisdom of the mature adventurer. Thirty years since he published his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," and he is as keen on the trail as ever, whether he is pursuing the cougar on the rim of the Grand Canyon, which takes eight hours to top, or making his way across the Andes over a wooded pass three thousand feet high. On this trip he got a motor-car three times "bogged down, and we had hard work in getting out. In one case it caused us two hours' labor in building a stone cause-

way under and in front of the wheels, repeating what I had helped do not many months before in Arizona, when we struck a place where a cloudburst had taken away the bridge across a stream and a good part of the road that led up to it on either side." For so handy a man as the author nothing is difficult, not even the wild gauchos of the region, who are "dangerous men when angered," but "we, of course, had no trouble with them." They were superb horsemen, with a primitive form alike of stirrups and Christianity. With an observant eye for the wonders of Nature Mr. Roosevelt combines a zeal for discerning questions of human stock which adds much to the interest of his book. He is much more practical, too, than the average ethnologist; he notes the advances in civilization, which usually make the hunter after wild things grumble; and he speaks of his guides as "valued friends and fellow-workers," capable of a courage and loyalty which would have put to shame many civilized men. These wild hunting companions, including file-toothed cannibals, provide glimpses of folklore which are fascinating, and lead one back to that early stage in animism in which animals not only destroy bodies, but master souls as well. Mr. Roosevelt managed all his men admirably, and his account of the denunciation of a malefactor (by the aid of an interpreter of Ciceronian eloquence) is highly amusing. The whole chapter concerning "Wild Hunting Companions" shows what can be done with them by a sympathetic hand—what can be got out of them in the way not only of loyal work, but also of ghost-stories and strange, inconsequent beliefs.

Equal to a dash at anything, Mr. Roosevelt tackles Primeval Man in the Pleistocene age, and finds both reproduced in half-naked savages who

lived on honey and game, never cultivated the ground, and were unequaled as trackers. This primitive age Mr. Roosevelt associates specially with the horse, the lion, and the elephant, using the forms in each case generically. The difficulties about determining the exact species are numerous. He points out that the African elephant differs from the Asiatic far more widely than the lion from the tiger or jaguar, and that the skull of the horse may be mistaken for that of the zebra or ass, and he declares, wisely enough, that only general accuracy can be achieved at best in an outline sketch of early animals, or prehistoric man. What we find here on the subject is certainly good reading, and there are some surprises, such as the fact that the great game regions of Africa are marked by scanty, not abundant, vegetation. An open plain suits game better than a thick forest. The evolutionary history of some of these animals is staggering in its length. The camel in North America is credited with a little Eocene ancestor anything from two to five million years back in the abyss of time. Some of the early predatory animals were clumsy in build, but made up for agility by their tremendous teeth. The true cat, of immense size, and larger than the African lion, must have been still more formidable, for the felidæ have both wonderful strength and great artistry in killing. What seems certain is that the early hunting savages of South America in its southernmost region lived among a fauna now wholly extinct. Was it a change of climate that killed these huge and powerful beasts?

The author is a Doctor of Cambridge, in England, besides his other qualifications, and, as a reader, he discusses books for holidays in the open. Reading is, he remarks, like eating, a matter of personal taste, and the personal

equation is apt to be odd. Dr. Roosevelt has sound ideas about cultivating a taste for something beyond trash, and his favorite books are all unimpeachable, including, we are glad to see, "Guy Mannering" and "The Antiquary." He evidently does not endorse Mark Twain's silly depreciation of Scott, or Emerson's of Jane Austen. He revels in "Macbeth" and "Othello," but not in "King Lear" and "Hamlet"; he knows perfectly well that all four are wonderful, and he "owns up" to his limitations. The choice is characteristic, perhaps: Othello and Macbeth were both great warriors; Lear was long past the age when he made men skip with his good falchion; and Hamlet was a pretty man spoiled by indecision. However, the chapter is more personal than didactic, and in its candor it is refreshing. We note that this adherent of the open-air life does pretty well in stiff literature, for he reads Tacitus and Thucydides in the turmoil of politics, and an attractive book by men of learning leads him on to the original sources, even the post-Athenian Greek authors in translation. He is certainly catholic in his tastes, and well aware of the folly of reading only the last new books. He likes a novel with a happy ending, and, this being so, he might, as a moralist, have said a little about the rotting vice of sentimentalism. There is a good deal of it in American literature. He likes poetry now and again of different kinds, and he likes the birds who supply so much of it for the observer all the time. The chapter on "The Mississippi Reserves" shows the interest and importance of preserving birds, and

The Saturday Review.

Mr. Roosevelt is equally emphatic about preserving game. In the reserve of the Tourilli Club, northwest of Quebec, he finds much lore concerning the moose. Its color is, we learn, of the conspicuously advertising sort, though it is by no means a night-feeding animal only. Here, knowing our author, we expect a dissertation on the follies of certain theorists, but for once we escape it. He wanted meat for the table, and was licensed to kill one bull moose. He got a big one; but another, a huge black beast, was bent on getting him, and kept him on the water in a canoe, policing every landing that was attempted. Finally, the moose disappeared round a corner, but came again from his hiding-place to attack, and had to be shot when he was not thirty feet off. There was no apparent reason for this vicious attack. That suggested is that the animal had never seen a man before. He had certainly never seen a Roosevelt with a rifle responsible for the lives of some three hundred animals of all kinds, from lions and giant ant-eaters to monkeys and whale-head storks.

The whole book is a tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's powers in many ways. But he needs no advertisement. He holds an outstanding record as the greatest legislator since Noah, for he has added the Teddy Bear to Noah's Ark of animals. We can think of no hunter or moralist who has done as much. A number of dolls of attractive ugliness were, a leading statesman once told us, promoted to a good position by the Aborigines Protection Society; but they are as nothing compared with the famous Teddy Bear.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The young lawyer hero of Eliot H. Robinson's "Man Proposes" (The

Page Co.) undertakes a case in which he must act for his client as attorney,

detective, and extremely confidential friend. He is set down in Newport with the proper accoutrement, from silk hats to letters of introduction, for mingling with the four hundred. He rides, sings, dances, plays tennis with the real Maurice McLoughlin and bridge with a Mr. Manners whom one hopes to be pure fiction, revives drowning children, makes friends with amazing rapidity, and falls terribly in love with the one woman with whom he had no business to fall in love. The plot survives many severe strains which seriously threaten its life, but when all the mysteries and misunderstandings have been cleared away one looks back on its complexity and neatness with pleasure. The people are plausible and distinctly interesting; they are well supplied with blood, brains, and nerves. Their conversation is somewhat too clever and too much encumbered with large words; but that is a common fault of first novels, and it is compensated for by the briskness of the narrative, the vigor of the action, and the spontaneity of the humor. It is a good story.

The latest volume in the admirable series of studies of various types of English literature, of which Professor William Allan Neilson of Harvard University is the General Editor, and the Houghton Mifflin Company the publishers, is devoted to "Saints' Legends" and is the work of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton University. This is one of the neglected fields of English literature; and the present volume, which represents years of painstaking research and comparison, is the first serious attempt at the treatment of it. Professor Gerould has performed his self-imposed task with enthusiasm and with discrimination; and he has the happy faculty of conveying the results of his

study in a singularly pleasing and luminous literary style. Regarded as a contribution either to the study of literature or the study of religion, the book has immediate interest and permanent value.

Agnes and Egerton Castle write in the Foreword of "A Little House in War-time" (E. P. Dutton & Co.): "These pages are the true record of the everyday life of an average family during the first year of the war of wars. . . . No great moral lesson certainly, no revelation of an out of the way philosophy, just the way we hoped and feared; . . . it is our peace we want to bring to you." Their narrative is a random and gentle succession of flowers, fragrance, moors, dogs (mostly Pekinese), Belgian refugees, and convalescent soldiers. The Italian flavor which one associates with the more delicate plants of English literature is not absent, and the whole confection is sweetened with a beautiful faith in the Church, and spiced with as strong a faith in the Devil,—usually referred to as "the Hun." The second-hand tales of Belgians and soldiers who have tasted war are human and touching; but the first-hand patronizing of wounded warriors, the incessant parading of butlers and gardeners and housemaids, and the use of the phrase "doing their bit" to describe the drafting of "superannuated laborers" to potter about the gardens of the rich so that younger gardeners may go to the war, all ring strange in American ears. It is a book which should be read either before "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" or not at all. In spite of their declared modesty of purpose, the heights and depths of Mr. Wells' picture of English life in war-time make the well-tempered gentility of the Castles seem too insipid, if not too distinctly *ante bellum*, to afford much pleasure.